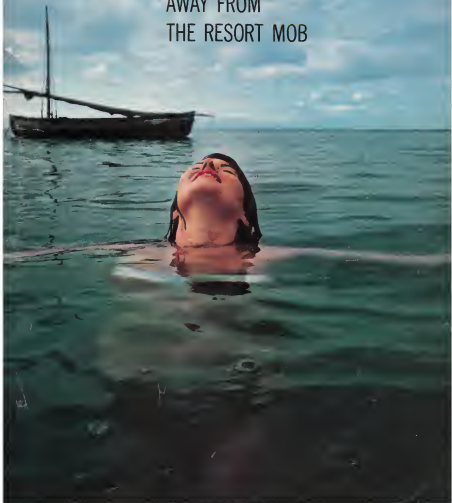


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 23, 1973 75 CENTS

AWAY FROM
THE RESORT MOB





1963 Rambler Classic "770" 4-Door Sedan

Floor shift, bucket seats, console, headrests optional.

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American Motors—Dedicated To Excellence



Rambler awarded 1963
CAR OF THE YEAR
Trophy by
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and you're shaving. **NOTE:** On the Remington head—4 roller combs for twice the comfort. Seems like you're rolling your whiskers off. Cord or cordless, Lektronic II is the best thing that's happened to your face since your wife kissed you. © 1987 Remington Co.



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In the next few days, you and the executive officers of your firm will be invited to accept new Imperials for personal comparison with your present cars.

Since you probably own one or more luxury cars, you'll quickly note differences about an Imperial. Its quiet approach to elegance. The unusual spaciousness and comfort inside. These are unique; for only Imperial's body is both full-sized and unshared with lesser cars.

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*Your authorized Imperial Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1961 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts, transmission case and internal parts, torque converter, drive shaft, and axle shafts (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and axle shaft bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Imperial Certified Car Care schedules.

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AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR



IMPERIAL DIVISION



CHRYSLER
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Contents

JANUARY 21, 1963 Volume 18, Number 3

Cover photograph by Art Kane

10 The \$2,000,000 Gambol Begins

Arnie has his Arnie, Jack has his Jewessaries and pro golf is off on its roughest season ever

14 Banzai to the Top of Old Shiga

Thousands of Japanese ski kamelazes charge off for a wild holiday on the slopes

DISCOVERIES IN THE SUN

18 *Six refugees from wintry Long Island charter a luxury yacht and sail the sunny Grenadines. By Ray Terrell*

30 *Art Kane photographs and Richard Oslawski describes the hokkien Lava charms of Puerto Vallarta*

42 *The fishing's great, the water's fine—away from the crowd. An offbeat guide to the West Indies by Fred R. Smith*

46 *A family in love with the sea builds a dream house on a small Bahamas island. By Pamela Kugler*

52 The Valley of Death

The best basketball conference in the country offers visitors nothing but trouble

58 A Big Man Even in Big D

That's Clint Murchison Jr., a Texas millionaire whose business savvy is matched by his sporting zeal

The departments

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 66 For the Record |
| 52 Basketball | 69 Basketball's Week |
| 56 Fitness | 71 19th Hole |



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EW-129, EW-130, EW-131, EW-132, EW-133, EW-134, EW-135, EW-136, EW-137, EW-138, EW-139, EW-140, EW-141, EW-142, EW-143, EW-144, EW-145, EW-146, EW-147, EW-148, EW-149, EW-150, EW-151, EW-152, EW-153, EW-154, EW-155, EW-156, EW-157, EW-158, EW-159, EW-160, EW-161, EW-162, EW-163, EW-164, EW-165, EW-166, EW-167, EW-168, EW-169, EW-170, EW-171, EW-172, EW-173, EW-174, EW-175, EW-176, EW-177, EW-178, EW-179, EW-180, EW-181, EW-182, EW-183, EW-184, EW-185, EW-186, EW-187, EW-188, EW-189, EW-190, EW-191, EW-192, EW-193, EW-194, EW-195, EW-196, EW-197, EW-198, EW-199, EW-200, EW-201, EW-202, EW-203, EW-204, EW-205, EW-206, EW-207, EW-208, EW-209, EW-210, EW-211, EW-212, EW-213, EW-214, EW-215, EW-216, EW-217, EW-218, EW-219, EW-220, EW-221, EW-222, EW-223, EW-224, EW-225, EW-226, EW-227, EW-228, EW-229, EW-230, EW-231, EW-232, EW-233, EW-234, EW-235, EW-236, EW-237, EW-238, EW-239, EW-240, EW-241, EW-242, EW-243, EW-244, EW-245, EW-246, EW-247, EW-248, EW-249, EW-250, EW-251, EW-252, EW-253, EW-254, EW-255, EW-256, EW-257, EW-258, EW-259, EW-260, EW-261, EW-262, EW-263, EW-264, EW-265, EW-266, EW-267, EW-268, EW-269, EW-270, EW-271, EW-272, EW-273, EW-274, EW-275, EW-276, EW-277, EW-278, EW-279, EW-280, EW-281, EW-282, EW-283, EW-284, EW-285, EW-286, EW-287, EW-288, EW-289, EW-290, EW-291, EW-292, EW-293, EW-294, EW-295, EW-296, EW-297, EW-298, EW-299, EW-300, EW-301, EW-302, EW-303, EW-304, EW-305, EW-306, EW-307, EW-308, EW-309, EW-310, EW-311, EW-312, EW-313, EW-314, EW-315, EW-316, EW-317, EW-318, EW-319, EW-320, EW-321, EW-322, EW-323, EW-324, EW-325, EW-326, EW-327, EW-328, EW-329, EW-330, EW-331, EW-332, EW-333, EW-334, EW-335, EW-336, EW-337, EW-338, EW-339, EW-340, EW-341, EW-342, EW-343, EW-344, EW-345, EW-346, EW-347, EW-348, EW-349, EW-350, EW-351, EW-352, EW-353, EW-354, EW-355, EW-356, EW-357, EW-358, EW-359, EW-360, EW-361, EW-362, EW-363, EW-364, EW-365, EW-366, EW-367, EW-368, EW-369, EW-370, EW-371, EW-372, EW-373, EW-374, EW-375, EW-376, EW-377, EW-378, EW-379, EW-380, EW-381, EW-382, EW-383, EW-384, EW-385, EW-386, EW-387, EW-388, EW-389, EW-390, EW-391, EW-392, EW-393, EW-394, EW-395, EW-396, EW-397, EW-398, EW-399, EW-400, EW-401, EW-402, EW-403, EW-404, EW-405, EW-406, EW-407, EW-408, EW-409, EW-410, EW-411, EW-412, EW-413, EW-414, EW-415, EW-416, EW-417, EW-418, EW-419, EW-420, EW-421, EW-422, EW-423, EW-424, EW-425, EW-426, EW-427, EW-428, EW-429, EW-430, EW-431, EW-432, EW-433, EW-434, EW-435, EW-436, EW-437, EW-438, EW-439, EW-440, EW-441, EW-442, EW-443, EW-444, EW-445, EW-446, EW-447, EW-448, EW-449, EW-450, EW-451, EW-452, EW-453, EW-454, EW-455, EW-456, EW-457, EW-458, EW-459, EW-460, EW-461, EW-462, EW-463, EW-464, EW-465, EW-466, EW-467, EW-468, EW-469, EW-470, EW-471, EW-472, EW-473, EW-474, EW-475, EW-476, EW-477, EW-478, EW-479, EW-480, EW-481, EW-482, EW-483, EW-484, EW-485, EW-486, EW-487, EW-488, EW-489, EW-490, EW-491, EW-492, EW-493, EW-494, EW-495, EW-496, EW-497, EW-498, EW-499, EW-500, EW-501, EW-502, EW-503, EW-504, EW-505, EW-506, EW-507, EW-508, EW-509, EW-510, EW-511, EW-512, EW-513, EW-514, EW-515, EW-516, EW-517, EW-518, EW-519, EW-520, EW-521, EW-522, EW-523, EW-524, EW-525, EW-526, EW-527, EW-528, EW-529, EW-530, EW-531, EW-532, EW-533, EW-534, EW-535, EW-536, EW-537, EW-538, EW-539, EW-540, EW-541, EW-542, EW-543, EW-544, EW-545, EW-546, EW-547, EW-548, EW-549, EW-550, EW-551, EW-552, EW-553, EW-554, EW-555, EW-556, EW-557, EW-558, EW-559, EW-560, EW-561, EW-562, EW-563, EW-564, EW-565, EW-566, EW-567, EW-568, EW-569, EW-570, EW-571, EW-572, EW-573, EW-574, EW-575, EW-576, EW-577, EW-578, EW-579, EW-580, EW-581, EW-582, EW-583, EW-584, EW-585, EW-586, EW-587, EW-588, EW-589, EW-590, EW-591, EW-592, EW-593, EW-594, EW-595, EW-596, EW-597, EW-598, EW-599, EW-600, EW-601, EW-602, EW-603, EW-604, EW-605, EW-606, EW-607, EW-608, EW-609, EW-610, EW-611, EW-612, EW-613, EW-614, EW-615, EW-616, EW-617, EW-618, EW-619, EW-620, EW-621, EW-622, EW-623, EW-624, EW-625, EW-626, EW-627, EW-628, EW-629, EW-630, EW-631, EW-632, EW-633, EW-634, EW-635, EW-636, EW-637, EW-638, EW-639, EW-640, EW-641, EW-642, EW-643, EW-644, EW-645, EW-646, EW-647, EW-648, EW-649, EW-650, EW-651, EW-652, EW-653, EW-654, EW-655, EW-656, EW-657, EW-658, EW-659, EW-660, EW-661, EW-662, EW-663, EW-664, EW-665, EW-666, EW-667, EW-668, EW-669, EW-670, EW-671, EW-672, EW-673, EW-674, EW-675, EW-676, EW-677, EW-678, EW-679, EW-680, EW-681, EW-682, EW-683, EW-684, EW-685, EW-686, EW-687, EW-688, EW-689, EW-690, EW-691, EW-692, EW-693, EW-694, EW-695, EW-696, EW-697, EW-698, EW-699, EW-700, EW-701, EW-702, EW-703, EW-704, EW-705, EW-706, EW-707, EW-708, EW-709, EW-710, EW-711, EW-712, EW-713, EW-714, EW-715, EW-716, EW-717, EW-718, EW-719, EW-720, EW-721, EW-722, EW-723, EW-724, EW-725, EW-726, EW-727, EW-728, EW-729, EW-730, EW-731, EW-732, EW-733, EW-734, EW-735, EW-736, EW-737, EW-738, EW-739, EW-740, EW-741, EW-742, EW-743, EW-744, EW-745, EW-746, EW-747, EW-748, EW-749, EW-750, EW-751, EW-752, EW-753, EW-754, EW-755, EW-756, EW-757, EW-758, EW-759, EW-760, EW-761, EW-762, EW-763, EW-764, EW-765, EW-766, EW-767, EW-768, EW-769, EW-770, EW-771, EW-772, EW-773, EW-774, EW-775, EW-776, EW-777, EW-778, EW-779, EW-780, EW-781, EW-782, EW-783, EW-784, EW-785, EW-786, EW-787, EW-788, EW-789, EW-790, EW-791, EW-792, EW-793, EW-794, EW-795, EW-796, EW-797, EW-798, EW-799, EW-800, EW-801, EW-802, EW-803, EW-804, EW-805, EW-806, EW-807, EW-808, EW-809, EW-810, EW-811, EW-812, EW-813, EW-814, EW-815, EW-816, EW-817, EW-818, EW-819, EW-820, EW-821, EW-822, EW-823, EW-824, EW-825, EW-826, EW-827, EW-828, EW-829, EW-830, EW-831, EW-832, EW-833, EW-834, EW-835, EW-836, EW-837, EW-838, EW-839, EW-840, EW-841, EW-842, EW-843, EW-844, EW-845, EW-846, EW-847, EW-848, EW-849, EW-850, EW-851, EW-852, EW-853, EW-854, EW-855, EW-856, EW-857, EW-858, EW-859, EW-860, EW-861, EW-862, EW-863, EW-864, EW-865, EW-866, EW-867, EW-868, EW-869, EW-870, EW-871, EW-872, EW-873, EW-874, EW-875, EW-876, EW-877, EW-878, EW-879, EW-880, EW-881, EW-882, EW-883, EW-884, EW-885, EW-886, EW-887, EW-888, EW-889, EW-890, EW-891, EW-892, EW-893, EW-894, EW-895, EW-896, EW-897, EW-898, EW-899, EW-900, EW-901, EW-902, EW-903, EW-904, EW-905, EW-906, EW-907, EW-908, EW-909, EW-910, EW-911, EW-912, EW-913, EW-914, EW-915, EW-916, EW-917, EW-918, EW-919, EW-920, EW-921, EW-922, EW-923, EW-924, EW-925, EW-926, EW-927, EW-928, EW-929, EW-930, EW-931, EW-932, EW-933, EW-934, EW-935, EW-936, EW-937, EW-938, EW-939, EW-940, EW-941, EW-942, EW-943, EW-944, EW-945, EW-946, EW-947, EW-948, EW-949, EW-950, EW-951, EW-952, EW-953, EW-954, EW-955, EW-956, EW-957, EW-958, EW-959, EW-960, EW-961, EW-962, EW-963, EW-964, EW-965, EW-966, EW-967, EW-968, EW-969, EW-970, EW-971, EW-972, EW-973, EW-974, EW-975, EW-976, EW-977, EW-978, EW-979, EW-980, EW-981, EW-982, EW-983, EW-984, EW-985, EW-986, EW-987, EW-988, EW-989, EW-990, EW-991, EW-992, EW-993, EW-994, EW-995, EW-996, EW-997, EW-998, EW-999, EW-1000, EW-1001, EW-1002, EW-1003, EW-1004, EW-1005, EW-1006, EW-1007, EW-1008, EW-1009, EW-1010, EW-1011, EW-1012, EW-1013, EW-1014, EW-1015, EW-1016, EW-1017, EW-1018, EW-1019, EW-1020, EW-1021, EW-1022, EW-1023, EW-1024, EW-1025, EW-1026, EW-1027, EW-1028, EW-1029, EW-1030, EW-1031, EW-1032, EW-1033, EW-1034, EW-1035, EW-1036, EW-1037, EW-1038, EW-1039, EW-1040, EW-1041, EW-1042, EW-1043, EW-1044, EW-1045, EW-1046, EW-1047, EW-1048, EW-1049, EW-1050, EW-1051, EW-1052, EW-1053, EW-1054, EW-1055, EW-1056, EW-1057, EW-1058, EW-1059, EW-1060, EW-1061, EW-1062, EW-1063, EW-1064, EW-1065, EW-1066, EW-1067, EW-1068, EW-1069, EW-1070, EW-1071, EW-1072, EW-1073, EW-1074, EW-1075, EW-1076, EW-1077, EW-1078, EW-1079, EW-1080, EW-1081, EW-1082, EW-1083, EW-1084, EW-1085, EW-1086, EW-1087, EW-1088, EW-1089, EW-1090, EW-1091, EW-1092, EW-1093, EW-1094, EW-1095, EW-1096, EW-1097, EW-1098, EW-1099, EW-1100, EW-1101, EW-1102, EW-1103, EW-1104, EW-1105, EW-1106, EW-1107, EW-1108, EW-1109, EW-1110, EW-1111, EW-1112, EW-1113, EW-1114, EW-1115, EW-1116, EW-1117, EW-1118, EW-1119, EW-1120, EW-1121, EW-1122, EW-1123, EW-1124, EW-1125, EW-1126, EW-1127, EW-1128, EW-1129, EW-1130, EW-1131, EW-1132, EW-1133, EW-1134, EW-1135, EW-1136, EW-1137, EW-1138, EW-1139, EW-1140, EW-1141, EW-1142, EW-1143, EW-1144, EW-1145, EW-1146, EW-1147, EW-1148, EW-1149, EW-1150, EW-1151, EW-1152, EW-1153, EW-1154, EW-1155, EW-1156, EW-1157, EW-1158, EW-1159, EW-1160, EW-1161, EW-1162, EW-1163, EW-1164, EW-1165, EW-1166, EW-1167, EW-1168, EW-1169, EW-1170, EW-1171, EW-1172, EW-1173, EW-1174, EW-1175, EW-1176, EW-1177, EW-1178, EW-1179, EW-1180, EW-1181, EW-1182, EW-1183, EW-1184, EW-1185, EW-1186, EW-1187, EW-1188, EW-1189, EW-1190, EW-1191, EW-1192, EW-1193, EW-1194, EW-1195, EW-1196, EW-1197, EW-1198, EW-1199, EW-1200, EW-1201, EW-1202, EW-1203, EW-1204, EW-1205, EW-1206, EW-1207, EW-1208, EW-1209, EW-1210, EW-1211, EW-1212, EW-1213, EW-1214, EW-1215, EW-1216, EW-1217, EW-1218, EW-1219, EW-1220, EW-1221, EW-1222, EW-1223, EW-1224, 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POINT OF FACT

A college-basketball quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

? Can a team play with fewer than five players?

• A team must begin a game with five players. If it has no substitutes to replace players who have fouled out, it may continue with fewer than five men. Upon occasion, a team with a one-man advantage caused by fouling out has voluntarily sacrificed a player to equalize the game.

? Team A has used its allotted five time-outs. The coach of Team A, however, wishes to discuss the game situation with his players. He signals his captain to ask for another time-out. Can his team get it?

• Yes, at a price. Time-outs in excess of five are charged as technical fouls. Such a request is rare since the technical foul results in a free throw for the opposition.

? When is the three-second rule invoked by a referee?

• This violation is called when an offensive player remains in the free-throw lane for more than three seconds.

? Team A has the ball out of bounds. The throw-in, aimed for the tall corner, is so high that the ball goes into the basket without touching any player. Does Team A have a goal?

• No. The ball is considered dead until a player on the floor touches it. Team B would gain possession for the violation.

continued

MI



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POINT OF FACT

? If a shot enters the basket from below, goes through and drops back into the basket again, is it a goal?

• No. A goal is scored only when a ball enters the basket from above and remains in the basket or passes through.

? While the ball is in flight on a try for a field goal, a player from Team A pushes an opponent. Another player from Team B hits the ball away from the try. What happens?

• Team A gets two points on the field-goal try because of illegal goal tending by Team B, then the teams move to the other end of the floor and the player from Team B who was pushed shoots a free throw.

? 1) A player from Team A sticks out his leg and blocks a pass. Can he recover the ball? 2) A player from Team A scrambles after a loose ball which rolls off his leg. Can he recover the ball?

• 1) No. The kick is intentional, and it is a fundamental of basketball that the ball must be played with the hands. The ball goes over to Team B. 2) Yes. An accidental kick is not a violation.

? A ball is punted in bounds by Team A. It bounces off an official, rebounds touching a player and rolls out of bounds. Does Team A in again?

• No. It is Team B's ball. As in baseball, the official is considered a part of the playing field.

? A player accidentally taps a ball into his opponents' basket. Who gets credit for the goal?

• It is added to the opponents' score, mentioned in a footnote, but not credited to any individual player.

? Team A has possession. One of its players with control of the ball steps on an out-of-bounds line, but does not touch the ball while he is out of bounds. Is this a violation?

• Yes. The key word is "control." The play is ruled as a continued dribble, and the ball is dead when the player steps on the line. Team B is the ball.

MAURY ALLEN



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does
it cost
to be
pampered
like
this?

Few resorts boast as many activities for their guests right on the premises. Golf on two courses (Sam Snead is pro), tennis, two pools, Cabana Club with mile long ocean beach, skeel, archery, and high goal polo, sparkling entertainment every night. Beating its gilt and crystal splendor, haude cuisine and impeccable service are hallmarks of Boca.



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1955



1956



1957



1958



1959



1960



1961



1962



1963

The story of a classic

For a decade the Thunderbird has been, quite obviously, the car other manufacturers would have liked to create. It is one of the rarest of cars—a true classic—and that is why it is so difficult to imitate.

Yet the Thunderbird began with a very simple idea: to design a car that would crystallize all the pleasures of driving in one vehicle.

An American original. This was to be a new kind of automobile; a small, personal *luxury* car. It was to be a purely American car, with all the comfort, all the ease of automatic controls, all the blazing performance—and all the reliability—that American engineering skill could give it. And it was to have more; it was to express in every line and every action a unique spirit—a spirit of gaiety, of joy of living that no other car could equal.

The hope was to make the Thunderbird both individual and enduring. If you will take another look at the cars which evolved from this hope—the Thunderbirds on these pages—you will in all probability agree we were successful.

Imitated—but unmatched. Every model is being driven proudly today, and, as a matter of fact, the early ones are already collectors' items, commanding premium prices.

From the start, Thunderbird has been a trend-setter. It created a fresh new look—and inspired a good many echoes. You only have to glance at the newest cars to know that its look, its very lines, have been liberally borrowed by car after car, both here and abroad. It convinced Americans that a car could be both nimble and luxurious. Others have tried to follow that pace-making idea, too. But the whole new Thunderbird concept has never been matched.

No untried fledgling. You can see, looking down the years, that the Thunderbird has changed—but without changing. Each model is different, but the unique look, the zest, the flair for action remain as a basic theme.

What you can't see (but what is very real indeed) is the silky silence and perfection that ten years of development and refinement have given the latest Thunderbirds. There is no substitute for this time, this testing, this refinement. No car could hope to be really "like a Thunderbird" without this decade of development—but that means a ten-year wait.

Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of drivers have discovered what it means to possess a car built in the classic tradition.

1963: best year yet. According to sales records for the 1963 introductory period, in fact, more people have accepted the keys to new Thunderbirds than in any like period of the car's history. These Thunderbird owners have discovered how deeply satisfying a timeless look of distinction can be. They realize how reassuring it is to own an automobile that is refined and polished in every detail. Indeed, our own very deep pride in the Thunderbird stems in no small measure from the manifest loyalty and pleasure of its owners—as well as the satisfaction any manufacturer can take from creating an unduplicated triumph that has stood the test of time.

PRODUCTS OF

MOTOR COMPANY

Thunderbird
unique in all the world 

SCORECARD

SAD STORY

Somewhere in the United States a small boy is high-tailing it across the backyard toward the nearest open field or patch of woods. Increasingly and unhappily, he and hundreds of other apprentice Dan'l Boones are glooming their way back home after finding the last nearby bit of Injun territory preempted by a real estate "developer" and his bulldozers. When this happened to Scott Turner of San Diego, age 7, he wrote a letter to President Kennedy, complaining that "we have no place to go out in the canyon because they are going to build houses." Answering for the President, Secretary of the Interior Udall filibustered briefly about new national seashores and similar distant irrelevancies and then, perhaps remembering his own Arizona boyhood, sympathized, "I am more sorry than I can say that you have lost your canyon playground. I hope you will be able to find another one not too far away."

The Turner-Udall letters were publicized, and *The Denver Post* reacted to them with a stern editorial titled, "Look to the Future, not the Past." Said the *Post*, "Udall knows that the boy won't be able to find another canyon 'not too far away.' About the best the lad can hope for is that he will quickly become numb to the disadvantage of organized recreational areas. . . . Udall knows that his young correspondent is going to grow up into a world in which he will live most of his adult life separated from the reality of the soil."

Having stated the problem, the *Post* proceeded to solve it—but in the manner to be expected of a paper that has recently supported extermination of Colorado's willows and cottonwoods as weeds. "We're not really certain that [this boy] is being denied anything that is vital for his growth into a responsible and contented adult," said the *Post*. "His elders would do well to spend less time and energy in nostalgic reveries." Admitting that a more spacious life seems "simpler, cleaner and infinitely more relaxing and pleasant," the *Post* nevertheless

grew lyric in its prescription for the new "good life." All that is really necessary, the *Post* stated, is renunciation of "guilt feelings" over confining children to cities and "cheerful acceptance of the inevitability of urban living."

We have heard this viewpoint expressed before, but never so explicitly and publicly, and never in a region geographically so well-endowed as Colorado. We can't even be flip about it. We keep thinking of a new and bitter definition of the word "develop" that we heard recently. "Develop—a verb meaning to ravage, to lay waste, to destroy."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Colonel Earl (Red) Blaik, ex-Army coach, has been helping General Douglas MacArthur arrange details for the AAU-NCAA arbitration meeting.
- Insiders say that Joe Garagiola, who quit his broadcasting job with the St. Louis Cardinals in December to join NBC (he'll do *Game of the Week* telecasts next season), left his fellow Cardinal broadcaster, Harry Caray, on decidedly unfriendly terms. Caray wants his son, Skip, to take Garagiola's place.
- The Hambletonian will be televised this year for the first time. Under an agreement between Hambletonian promoters Don and Gene Hayes and NBC-TV all heats of the race will be taped and shown the night of the race.
- Ford has proposed to the Automobile Manufacturers Association that starting in 1964 all cars be supplied with seat belts as standard equipment. Industry-wide cost for putting in belts would run to an estimated \$75 million. Whether or not AMA agrees, Ford intends to go ahead with the idea.

RUPP'S WAY

Kentucky basketball Coach Adolph Rupp's move in benching All-America Cotton Nash for most of the Georgia Tech game (and for all of the two overtimes), a game Kentucky lost, was not based on any sort of long-range psychological maneuvering. Rupp was simply trying to beat Tech, Nash was having a

miserable night and his replacement—Ted Deeken—played well (13 points, 14 rebounds). Of course, it also involved Rupp's firm belief that Nash should play outside, where he can best utilize his deadeye long shot. Nash, on the other hand, believes people will think he is shying away from action if he doesn't move into the foul lane. It was there he was playing against Tech.

In practice after the Tech game Nash hit 26 of 33 from outside, but in the next game (against Vanderbilt) he went back into the foul lane in the first half and made exactly one basket. In the 13 minutes he played in the second half before fouling out, Nash stayed outside and threw in eight baskets and a total of 19 points. "If he didn't learn anything from that, he never will," Rupp growled after the game.

CROWD PLEASERS

The annual tournament for the chess championship of the U.S. ran its grueling course in New York, where 12 top-ranking masters played 11 rounds and in the process demonstrated that as a group chess players are perhaps the greatest



crowd displeasers in modern sport. Traditionally, of course, chess masters are as aloof and temperamental as concert pianists, frowning with awesome solemnity before making the simplest move, pacing desperately back and forth no matter what the state of the game, and limiting their attention to their audience to hoarse growls of "Quiet, please" or "Shut up."

Even so, the demonstration this year was striking. In the first round Robert Steinmeyer, a newcomer playing in his first championship tourney, defeated the

defending champion, Larry Evans; another unknown, William Addison, easily walloped Sammy Reshevsky; and to make the triumph of the newcomers complete, Edmar Mednis, never a serious contender before, knocked off Bobby Fischer. This was akin to three small-town pros outplaying Palmer, Sneed and Nicklaus. But was there elation and excitement? Did three new chess heroes come beaming on the national scene? No. Taking their cue from tradition, the newcomers were taciturn and brooding, and it appeared that any master could become a crowd pleaser by the simple expedient of not snarling at the audience.

The tournament plodded on. By the eighth round, Arthur Bisguier, a relatively amiable veteran, had beaten all the newcomers and was in first place, leading Fischer by two points. Four times national champion, Fischer did not defend his title last year, and this year, at 19, he was determined to have it back. He did. He won a phenomenal six of his last seven games, a rare feat in chess where draws prevail. When Fischer met Bisguier in the last round, with the television cameras playing upon them, he was frowning darkly: Bisguier still had a chance to tie. When Bisguier finally resigned, giving Fischer the championship, there was a light flurry of applause, quickly stilled amid annoyed glances from the players whose games were still going on.

"I think I played pretty well," said Fischer, with a steely glance at a television interviewer. Why did he think the crowds were so small at chess events, asked the interviewer. "Aw, they don't advertise," said Fischer, jumping up abruptly and stalking out into the night.

HURRY, HURRY

What most impresses the casual visitor to New York's 53rd annual national boat show is the ease with which a land-lubber can become a blue-water sailor. Where the construction and commissioning of an ocean-going sailboat once involved time, patience and dependence on the specialized skills of many artisans, a man can now buy a windjammer as easily as he buys the family car.

This is due in great part to the increasing use of fiber-glass plastic, that marvelously adaptable material that has brought what amounts to mass production to the once rarefied art of boat building. Of the 500 boats in this year's show, half are made of plastic and more

than 100 are sailboats, many of them designed for light housekeeping at sea. They range from the Jaguar and Continental level (Chris-Craft's 35-foot Sail Yacht at \$25,000, Ray Greene's 25-foot New Horizons at \$12,000, Douglass & McLeod's 27-foot Tartan at \$11,750) to a flock of comparative Fords, Plymouths and Chevies (Nautica's 13-foot Corsaire at \$2,175, General Boat's 17-foot Picnic 17 at \$1,985, Siddons & Sindle's 20-foot Nomad at \$4,000).

Even the merchandising techniques are impressively up-to-date. They are not actually giving away trading stamps at the show, but there is a definite trend in that direction. Anyone who buys an Owens cruiser at \$6,000 or less gets a free transistor radio. Over \$6,000 rates a portable TV.

THEY SAID IT

- Pat Culpepper, Texas linebacker, in accepting the Swede Nelson Sportsmanship Award: "I've been thinking a lot about 'sportsmanship.' It's hard to define—especially in football, which starts with premeditated mayhem."

- James Dunn Jr., president of Gulfstream Park, after recommending that the legal betting age be lowered from 21 to 18: "We need new blood in racing, but under present laws by the time a boy or girl is 21 he or she may have taken up some other hobby."

- Louis J. Fisher, president of the AAU, after the NCAA announced it would boycott the big indoor track meets: "The NCAA gang has the effrontery to practically tell the President they are going ahead to sabotage U.S. international teams. . . . They put themselves in the same category as Castro of Cuba and Mao of Red China."

- Johnny Morris, Houston track coach, after the AAU suspended several Houston runners for competing in a "non-sanctioned" meet: "The AAU is trying to put a scare on, but it doesn't scare the intercollegiate coaches because we knew it was coming."

DOCTOR OF BASKETBALL

Virginians wince these days when they tune in their most powerful radio station, WRVA, Richmond. For the basketball games broadcast on WRVA are those of none other than the West—by God—Virginia Mountaineers. You remember, of course, that West Virginia broke away from the Old Dominion in 1861, and you realize that broadcasting Mountaineer games from a Richmond

station is somewhat akin to broadcasting Israeli folk songs from Radio Cairo.

This bizarre situation is the responsibility of one zealous West Virginia basketball fan, Dr. Lowell W. Schwab, a 28-year-old native of Kingswood, W. Va., who is now a resident obscurist in Richmond. Stunned to learn that no station in the West Virginia basketball network was able to beam Mountaineer games over the mountains to Richmond, Schwab obtained Richmond rights to the broadcasts and persuaded WRVA to carry the games—which WRVA agreed to do if a sponsor could be obtained. This was no easy thing: lack of a sponsor was keeping the games of Virginia's own Virginia Tech and William & Mary off the air.

The station and its representatives couldn't get a sponsor. Schwab could—in one day. He made five unsuccessful calls. On his sixth he sold the games to the Old Dominion Candy Company. Then he started rounding up contributions to pay the \$1,500 due for broadcast rights and line charges. Everything is working out fine. Donations are still pouring in, some from as far away as Michigan, for some strange reason, and Dr. Schwab, a happy man, has retired to his hospital, his babies and his radio.

WINNER ON THE LATE SHOW

At the end of the two-run slalom race at the professional ski championships in Aspen, Colo. last week, Christian Pravda was first by 1.7 seconds over Adrien Duvalard. But, said a course official who seemed alone in his opinion, Pravda had missed a gate on his second run and was therefore disqualified. Usually these gate-missing questions provoke long, bitter arguments, and everyone goes away disbelieving. This time, however, the principals crowded into the American Broadcasting Company's big electronic van and ran the video tape back to check. Sure enough, on the fifth gate Pravda hit the top pole, stopped uncertainly, then raced on. Over the tape came the voice of Tom Corcoran, Olympic skier and amateur TV commentator: "He almost lost it right there." And an instant later in the semidark of the van the live voice of Tom Corcoran added, "And, as a matter of fact, he did."

The judges concurred. Pravda lost the race, and Duvalard won the \$800 first prize. But the town of Aspen gained a precedent: the first place in the world where a sports event was decided by video tape.

END



Sports
Illustrated
JANUARY 21, 1963

THE \$2,000, GAMBOL BEGINS

000

Professional golfers are in a high-stepping frame of mind as the 1953 tour gets under way. Arnold Palmer (left) cavorted on the 18th green after sinking the winning putt in the Los Angeles Open. So did Phil Rodgers (right), delighted to be tied for fourth. There is good reason for the joy, as Alfred Wright explains on the next page—never have the pros had so much to play for, or such crowds to watch them.

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL BATH



JACK'S JANISSARIES JOIN ARNIE'S ARMY ON A GOLDEN MARCH

by ALFRED WRIGHT

When it comes to good old stretching-in-the-sun euphoria, there are few things that equal the opening of the professional golf season. No matter who you happen to be—spectator, player, PGA official, press or the policeman at the parking lot—this is one of those rare times in the sports year in which everything's coming up spring. That's the way it has been in California the last fortnight, where the world's best golfers almost boyishly went to work on the most lucrative chase in the game's history.

At stake in Professional Golfers' Association events alone is the unprecedented total of more than \$2 million. The prize money during the first five weeks of the tour in California sounds like a foreign-aid program: \$50,000 at Los Angeles, \$25,000 at San Diego, \$50,000 at the Bing Crosby pro-amateur in Pebble Beach, \$50,000 at the Lucky International in San Francisco and another \$50,000 at Palm Springs. But even this vista of riches is expected to be dimmed by another five-week period beginning in late May: \$50,000 at Indianapolis, \$50,000 at the Buick Open, \$100,000 at the Thunderbird in New York, more than \$80,000 at the U.S. Open and \$111,000 at the brand-new Cleveland Open. Right from the beginning, as the touring pros arrived at Rancho Municipal Golf Club for the Los Angeles Open, it was obvious that this was a new season, and every man there thought a considerable chunk of this money would soon be his.

Take Art Wall Jr., for instance. Ever since he was voted Player of the Year at the end of the 1959 season, Art has been trailed by trouble. First it was a kidney ailment that spread to other parts of his body and gave him a lame knee. Later he had a bout with hepatitis. He hadn't played in a tournament since September. But at Rancho on opening day, Wall could say cheerily, "I really feel better than I have in a long time."

He then shot rounds of 68, 70 and 67 to lead the tournament by two strokes. A wobbly 74 on the final day dropped him five strokes back—that old rust showing—but he finished in a tie for ninth and picked up a nice check for \$1,358.34.

Ken Venturi is another of the tour's

big names who has had his share of dismay. Last February, while playing in the Palm Springs tournament, Venturi leaned over to pick up the ball and pulled something in his back. Cortisone shots and heat treatments seemed to clear up the trouble, and Ken rejoined the tour in Florida a month or so later, but it was no good. There was a pinched nerve in his back. Then Doc Bauman of the St. Louis baseball Cardinals prescribed ultrasonic treatments, and now the muscle spasms are gone. "I never felt better," Venturi exulted one day at Rancho. "I'm hitting the ball as well as I ever did when I was going my best."

A lengthy layoff from the tournament grind has given Mike Souchak a new lease on golf. "I've had three months away from the tour," Mike explained. "I've kept in shape hunting and fishing at home, and had some time to think about things. When you knock off for a long stretch, you get a chance to look at your problems from the outside in rather than the inside out. It gives you a new feeling of confidence."

The golfers who had been enjoying the best of times were not above bringing something new and hopeful to the tour. Billy Casper, for example, brought along a new putting style, his feet almost touching, his stance slightly open and his body more nearly over the ball—this from the man conceded to be the best putter in the business (*see chart*). Always exuberant Gary Player, apparently relaxed from weeks of travel and exhibitions, was showing an even bigger smile and more vitality. "Maawk," he told his lawyer, Mark McCormack, "Aw am hitting the ball so well Aw am embarrassed." He didn't look embarrassed several days later while winning the San Diego Open.

Even the man one could most expect to be satisfied with the status quo, Arnold Palmer, had something new, a competitive keenness that he never before had shown this early in the year.

"I've been playing a lot of exhibitions with Gary lately," is the way Palmer explained it after shooting 69 on each of his first two rounds at Rancho. "I've got my own money at stake in those TV shows. When we play them we play hard. So I'm going better than I ever have at this time of year."

Palmer had something old, too—his clubs—and this in itself was unusual. He is a man who changes clubs as fast as an LA gallery changes Capri pants, but for perhaps the first time he is starting the tour with an old set.

Thus it seemed that everybody had hope, and everybody was going to be the big winner. This isn't true, of course, and the fans at Rancho showed they knew better. Arnie's Army was back in full fighting trim, and there was one other huge gathering on the course, Jack's Janissaries, almost as numerous, anticipatory and partisan as Arnie's Army. Judging by their behavior, the galleries have already decided that the 1963 golf tour is essentially a shot-by-shot duel between Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. Customers who wanted to follow some of the other superb players in the early rounds could do so while enjoying the solitude of a man in a phone booth, a pattern of adaptation that is likely to continue.

Perhaps the galleries are right, for at Rancho indomitable Arnie was certainly at it again. Three strokes behind starting the last day, he ran off a string of four straight birdies, jammed in a 50-foot downhill putt for a typical Palmer birdie on the 234-yard 17th and finished with a 66 for a three-stroke victory and \$9,000.

The week was not nearly so satisfying for Jack Nicklaus, who almost came to the end of an awesome stretch of success he had begun on this same course a year ago. It had been Jack's first professional tournament and, playing erratically, he then managed to collect a check for only \$33.33. Nevertheless, that started a streak, and afterwards Nicklaus never once finished out of the money. But after rounds of 71 and 74 during the first two days at the Los Angeles this year, he barely survived the cut.

Nicklaus was biting his nails on Saturday afternoon waiting to find out if he would be eligible to play on Sunday and Monday and saying his money-winning record was quite a strain.

"Maybe," he sighed, "it would be a good thing if I did miss the cut. I'm not playing well right now. Haven't touched a golf club since early in December, and you always learn something from this kind of thing."

"What have you learned?" someone

asked Nicklaus. "That I'm not as smart as I thought I was," he answered with a grin. So that's what he brought to the 1963 tour.

Having just squeezed into the final two days of play, Nicklaus went out and shot rounds of 68 and 69—five under par—to finish in a tie for 24th and collect \$525. There is no need to shed tears over his prospects for the coming months.

If 1963 is to be the year of Nicklaus vs. Palmer, 1962 was Palmer, period—a fact that becomes really plain now that the statistics can be analyzed in full. Nobody has a record that approaches Palmer's, nor has there ever been one in the long pageant of professional golf. Arnold's total official prize winnings of \$81,448.33 surpassed his own previous all-time record by more than \$6,000. He entered 21 tournaments and won seven of them, including the Masters. He tied with Nicklaus in the U.S. Open before losing in a playoff, and won the British Open. His average winnings per event

amounted to almost \$3,900. No one else in 1962 came within \$1,400 of that figure.

Palmer also dominated the two other statistical categories that pro golf considers most important—the Vardon Trophy and Ryder Cup standings. In the former, based on the average number of strokes per round, Palmer won with 70.271, a half stroke better than Billy Casper, who was second. Palmer is also comfortably ahead in the Ryder Cup point standings, awarded on the basis of how the first 10 players finish in each PGA tournament. Here Palmer has 671.58 points and Casper 608.84. Dave Ragan Jr., who is in third place, is more than 200 points behind Casper.

This year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED again made its own addition to the statistics, polling the touring pros on their opinions of their fellow golfers. Palmer and Nicklaus were voted most likely to finish one-two among this year's money winners and it isn't difficult to discover why. Both were selected among those having

the most effective golf swings, as being among the best drivers, the best long-iron players and the best putters. Perhaps the slight edge for Palmer is to be found in the one category in which he is named and Nicklaus isn't: best out of trouble.

In their poll answers the pros also warned of some younger players who can soon be expected to challenge for the big money. One of these, of course, is Phil Rodgers (SI, Jan. 14), who finished fourth at Los Angeles, but the most surprising is 28-year-old Tony Lema, whose handsome looks resemble those of his fellow San Franciscan, Ken Venturi. Tony won his first official PGA tournament last October at the Orange County Open and made himself an instant hit with the sportswriters by serving them champagne in the press tent immediately afterwards. "Champagne Tony," as they now call him, also won tournaments at Mobile, Mexico City and Las Vegas during the autumn, collecting in the neighborhood of \$20,000 during the last three months of the tour.

As the 1963 season begins to unfold and the rewards of professional golf are creating a whole new set of millionaires, one can't help but wonder how popular the sport is destined to become. This year, at last, there will be a professional tournament every weekend except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Eight of the tournaments—the Crosby, Palm Springs, the Masters, Las Vegas, the Buick, the Thunderbird, the U.S. Open and the PGA—will be televised live over national networks.

In addition, there will be more television exhibition matches this year than ever before. This month Arnold Palmer and Gary Player began a 13-week series called *Challenge Golf* that will appear on ABC every Saturday and Sunday afternoon until spring. NBC continues its *All-Star Golf* on Saturday afternoons, and on Sundays will show 11 weeks of *Wonderful World of Golf*, in which leading American pros play foreigners on the latter's home courses in glorious and fairly living color. All told, this is 50 hours of golf from January through April, and the point arises whether the golfers may not be flirting with over-exposure.

At the moment they think not. "There are always more and more new fans, it seems," says Arnold Palmer. If he's right, and he probably is, 1963 is certain to be golf's biggest year. **END**

HOW THE PROFESSIONALS SEE THEMSELVES

Last January we polled the country's touring pros to get their answers to the questions most often debated by galleries. New 150 of them have been asked the same questions. Compare their opinions:

• The most effective golf swing

1963: 1) Palmer 2) Litter 3) Nicklaus
1962: 1) Sanders 2) Snead 3) Bolt

• The best driver

1963: 1) Nicklaus 2) Palmer 3) Jay Hebert
1962: 1) Palmer 2) Jay Hebert 3) Bolt

• The longest driver

1963: 1) Bayer 2) Nicklaus 3) Bondeson
1962: 1) Bayer 2) Horney 3) Souchak

• The best long-iron player

1963: 1) Palmer 2) Jay Hebert 3) Nicklaus
1962: 1) Palmer 2) Jay Hebert 3) Snead

• The best middle-iron player

1963: 1) Litter 2) Rodgers 3) Bolt
1962: 1) Tie, Litter and Bolt 3) Maxwell

• The best short-iron player

1963: 1) Maxwell 2) Ford 3) Casper
1962: 1) Maxwell 2) Litter 3) Barber

• The best putter

1963: 1) Casper 2) Palmer 3) Nicklaus
1962: 1) Casper 2) Sanders 3) Barber

• The best player under pressure

1963: 1) Palmer 2) Nicklaus 3) Casper
1962: 1) Palmer 2) Player 3) Sanders

• The best teacher

1963: 1) Jay Hebert 2) Dickinson 3) Kroll
1962: 1) Kroll 2) Dickinson 3) Barber

• The best out of trouble

1963: 1) Palmer 2) Ford 3) Sanders
1962: 1) Palmer 2) Ford 3) Casper

WHO'LL LEAD THE MONEY WINNERS

1963 Predictions

Arnold Palmer
Jack Nicklaus
Billy Casper
Gene Litter
Bob Goalby

1962 Actual Finish

Arnold Palmer
Gene Litter
Jack Nicklaus
Billy Casper
Bob Goalby

BANZAI CHARGE TO THE TOP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIMMY



At Tokyo's Ueno Station, skiers scramble for space in a railroad coach for the all-night trip to the mountains. About one in 10 got a seat.

Since World War II, six million courageous Japanese, all of them heirs to the cheerful fatalism of kamikaze pilots, have taken up sking and have developed certain traditions of hysterical enthusiasm for it. When the season opened the other day, for example, one million people crammed, sardine style, for the country's 200 ski hills. Once back from their holiday, despite odds against any of them still being alive, even the wheelchair and hospital cases were convinced their pilgrimage had been a success. The good times of this outing will prevail from

now until spring, and may God have mercy.

To begin with, the Saturday skis report from the mountains west of Tokyo was prohibitive: snow patchy, fog dense, rain steady. Nevertheless, lines began forming at Tokyo's Ueno Station shortly before dawn. But the train many of these people were waiting for would not leave until 11 that night. By noon more were in the line than could possibly be seated on the train, which goes to Nagano, a city in central Japan. By late afternoon ticket sales were stopped altogether. Still

the lines grew (the Ueno Station had scheduled 50 extra trains for skiers), until 150,000 were jammed in and around the station. The air became so foul that station officials exhausted six cylinders of oxygen into the stupefied masses. When the Nagano train eventually backed into the station, trainmen opened the doors of the coaches and leaped back for their lives. The rush for seats was like an explosion, and at least a dozen were injured in the melee of hurrying bodies and flying skis and poles. The second wave made for the floor space under the

OF OLD SHIGA

There are no good ways to get there and not many good places to go, but on winter weekends masses of Japanese skiers attack the slippery slopes by LEE GRIGGS



Cheerfully assuming there's room for one more, a man goes in a window.

seats, the third for the standing room in the aisles. Those unable to get in the doors went in the windows, where trainmen genially pushed on their bottoms until the anguished shrieks of those already inside bade them relent.

When the train pulled out, it carried 7,000 passengers in space normally allotted to 800. A standing woman fainted—but did not fall. Other standees let themselves go limp and slept supported by the crush. Said a contemplative type from under a seat: "I have trained myself to go long periods without the toilet."

Said a standee who had not mastered the discipline: "Excuse me a minute." Walking over the tops of seats and crawling across the shoulders of seated passengers, he was back in 92 minutes.

So it went, the long, lurching night through, and at daybreak on Sunday the train wheezed into Nagano. Here the skiers scrambled for the locals that would deposit them—an hour later—at the base of the mountains. There the fight was on again for the buses that would take them to the actual ski area—another hour's ride. A full day after the first lines

had formed at Ueno, the skiers reached their destination, Shiga Heights, one of Japan's glossiest ski resorts.

As advertised, the slopes of Shiga were foggy (visibility: 10 feet) and pocked with dangerous patches of mud and ice, and the drizzle was still coming down. Dozey with fatigue but altogether undaunted, everyone headed straightaway for the rope tows and chair lifts. The proficient and the incompetent (nobody much bothers with lessons in Japan) reached the summits together, and together they pushed off for the bottom.

continued



Saving face by refusing to slow down, one man barrels into another putting on his skis.



HANZAI JAPAN

It was, for the moment, a grand sight.

In Japan, however, it is considered a loss of face to snow-plow or otherwise slow one's descent, so most skiers career downhill, madly out of control. Soon, therefore, the sounds of carnage began to filter through Shiga's obscuring mists. There were the shouts of surprise, of fear, and then of agonizing pain. "Aburru," the word for danger, was often heard, but the frenzied yelp always came too late and was followed by the brittle breaking noise of wooden skis, the softer thud of colliding bodies and the faint click of breaking bone. Like victims from a battlefield, the wounded began to crowd into the medical hut at the bottom.

"I moved 20 meters off the trail to rest," said one man weakly, "and suddenly I was hit by someone who didn't stop." His leg was shattered, a piece of bone protruding out of his stretch pants. But he was grinning. "I had one good run before this happened, so I am happy." A college boy with a broken leg was brought down; he had lain in the middle of a trail for five hours, missed by the overworked ski patrol, ignored by his fellow skiers. "Well," he said without bitterness, "I might have done the same. If someone had stopped to help me, it would have cost them an extra run. Time is too precious."

Time runs out for the typical Japanese skier on Sunday evening, when he must sprint for the bus to catch the train. If he manages to squeeze on board, he will stand up all night on the long trip back to Tokyo. Monday morning at Ueno Station the injured will be trundled to taxis on special baggage carriers equipped with seats (thus relieving porters of the task of carrying their piggy-back). The survivors will report for work. Sighs an employer, "I'm resigned to getting no work done on Monday. Most of my people are so tired they can't walk straight, and some fall asleep at their desks." But after a few days of comparative rest, things will be back to normal. Then it will be dawn at Ueno Station. The line for the 11 p.m. train will form to the rear, please. **END**

The injured, if lucky, are cared for by ski area doctors (left), and, occasionally, by fellow skiers (right). But it is common for the injured to wait hours before the ski patrol finds them or a skier stops to give help.



A SEASON





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD HIEB

FOR DISCOVERY

The trouble with most tropical Edens is that everybody crowds in at the same time—like right now. Some prefer it that way; others stay home in the cold. But for the winter resorter with adventure in his blood, *Sports Illustrated* presents a special guide to paradise unfound. The first discovery in the package is a voyage aboard the ketch 'Eleuthera II,' shown below in a Grenadines twilight

It isn't exactly easy to get from the cold northland to the Grenadines, but that is certainly a major part of their charm. It is also the reason why so beautiful a group of West Indian islands has remained almost unknown to American travelers

Six Characters in Search of Summer Cruise a Warm Winter Sea

by ROY TERRELL

Two thousand miles south of the nearest snowflake, the island of St. Vincent rises dark and green as a giant breadfruit out of the turquoise Caribbean. A halo of cumulus crowns its peaks, once active volcanoes that now reach hairlessly almost 5,000 feet into the sky. The vegetation is lush and tropical, with bananas, coconut, bamboo, poinsettias, bougainvillea threatening to choke the valleys and lower slopes, while the cliffs above are overrun with shrubs and flowering vines. Down the mountains and through the forests tumble streams of crystal water to find their way eventually to the coves and bays that indent St. Vincent's shoreline like a knuckled fist.

The water of the coves is as clear as any mountain stream, but here the resemblance abruptly ends. Violent shades of green and blue flash from the surface, and beneath grow the coral reefs, white and orange and mustard, where fantastically colored fish weave in and out among giant sea fans a fathom, two fathoms, 20 fathoms down. At dawn and dusk, feeding schools of bonito and jack crevalle shatter the serenity of the surface, slashing like some Marineland gang at the small citizens who live there, the great flowing schools of finger-long baitfish. Then the bonito and the jack are gone as suddenly as they come, and the water of the cove is broken only by the concentric rings sent shoreward by a rolling tarpon, rings that break gentle as a liquid breeze on the fine white sand of the beach. A shower moves across the mountains, settling the dust on the narrow roads beneath the coconut palms, along which a native woman walks barefoot with a load of bananas on her head. Far out past the protecting headlands, the bamboo mast and flour-sack sail of a fisherman tending his pots make a silhouette on the sea.

Recently, in one such cove named Cumberland Bay, a man lay across the cabin deck of a blue-hulled yacht and observed, in enchantment, the things about him. It was December, but he were only a pair of swimming trunks. If the sun became too warm, he could always dive into the water, or row the dinghy ashore and lie on the

beach beneath the shade of a palm. Or he could simply remain where he was and wait for a shower, as inevitable as the sun itself, to come along and offer relief. So, for a long while, he did nothing. Then he sat up, his arms encircling his legs and his chin on his knees.

"When we get home," he said, "I think I'll sell the house and buy a boat."

"O K., Simbad," his wife said, "but before we set out around the world you might take a course in seamanship first."

"Just a short course," the man said. "I'm only going to sail this far. Then I'm going to drop anchor and never move out of this spot for as long as I live."

It is a vision that soon or late infects us all, or at least that portion of mankind beguiled by islands awash in the sun, and although we generally succeed in pushing it away in favor of some such practicality as earning a living, a segment of the dream always remains. Because of this, Nassau and Jamaica and Puerto Rico and St. Thomas have long been overrun, and now the gathering ant trail of tourism is threatening the upper reaches of the Lesser Antilles, too, an army marching down to meet another coming up from Trinidad and Barbados below.

It is almost a miracle that one beautiful group of islands remains relatively untouched, in fact almost unknown to Americans, islands protected somehow by the very barrier of larger, more famous neighbors on their perimeter and the blessing of runways too short for jet aircraft. These are the Windwards, the West Indies islands immediately south of Martinique: St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada and those scattered emeralds in between, the Grenadines.

Lavish resort facilities are the exception here—some of the Grenadines do not even have people—and gourmet dining is almost unknown, but if there exists a spark of romance and adventure inside, this is the place to go. A cruise through the Windwards aboard a comfortable sailing vessel, completely independent of what lies ashore, can be a pure delight. It can be done in 10 days if one is

pressed for time and two weeks at leisure. It is not a cheap vacation, but neither is it terribly expensive: \$1,500 a couple, perhaps, including air transportation, with three couples sharing the cost of a charter. And, afterwards, what a gasper at a cocktail party? "What were we doing last weekend? Why, skin diving in the Tobago Cays. Wasn't everyone?"

The reason that everyone wasn't is that it isn't exactly easy to get there from here. We left Idlewild on a miserably cold December afternoon, three couples from Long Island sandwiched aboard a British West Indian Airways 707 bearing the Barbados police band home after a five-week engagement at Radio City Music Hall. When we landed at Barbados, only three hours behind schedule, a cheering crowd of thousands was there to meet us. "Radio City Heroes," the signs said. Of our 13 pieces of luggage, five went on to Trinidad.

We spent the night in one of Barbados' plushier hotels. Outside, a peculiar West Indies breed of cricket screeched like a banshee, keeping most of the island's dogs awake and getting the roosters up at 3 a.m. At 4 a.m. the telephone rang. It was BWIA. "Your 7 a.m. flight to Grenada will be late," said the cultured English voice. "How late?" we asked. "Possibly 9 a.m.," said the local Macbeth. Between BWIA and dawn there arrived one very large mosquito. "To heck with it," we said, and went downstairs to search for coffee. We found Jerry instead. "No coffee," he said, "but the rum punches are great. Say, did you have a mosquito in your room?"

Our flight finally left at noon, stopped briefly at St. Vincent and continued on to Grenada, down the 60-mile length of the Grenadines. We emerged, our noses flat from pressing against the cabin windows and wonder in our eyes. "What gorgeous islands," said Debby, Jerry's wife. "Just think, that's where we're going to be."

We weren't there just yet. The Windwards are volcanic in origin, and by some geologic logic all of the volcanoes spouted along the western, or leeward, sides. Because the steep cliffs and irregular shoreline thus formed offer the best anchorages, the major towns were built there. The only level land occurs on the eastern sides of the islands, however, and it is here that the airports are located, 10, 15, 25 miles away. For more than an hour we twisted and turned through the mountains, up the wrong side of the road, our progress heralded by a continuous blast of horns from the two local taxicabs, through banana and nutmeg and cocoa bean groves, over the top and down the other side. Brilliant red and yellow flowers grew everywhere; so did small boys who had neglected to put on their slacks. Around a final curve we skidded, and down into the twisting streets of St. George's.

"Would you stop at the first clothing store, driver?" Barbara asked. "My things are all in Trinidad."

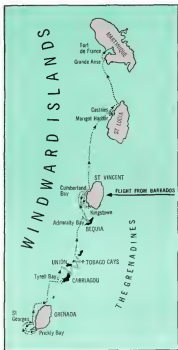
The driver looked around. "Sorry, me'm," he said. "Stores are closed on Thursday."

Five or six large sailing vessels rested in the harbor

continued

The "Eleuthera," under full sail, glides swiftly past Tapion Rock at the entrance to Port Castries on the island of St. Lucia





GRENADINES CHARTER FACTS

The "Eleuthera II" (sleeps six, charters for \$1,200 per week) can be booked through Richard Bertram & Co., Miami or V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, Nelson's Dockyard, Antigua. Nicholson's has 18 other yachts available, ranging from the 105-foot motor yacht "Xebec" (sleeps six, charters for \$1,318 per week) to the 46-foot cutter "Luvette" (sleeps two, charters for \$254 per week). Fuel and food, liquor and laundry average about \$6 per person per day on all cruises. In three weeks one can cruise from Grenada to Antigua; in two weeks, from Antigua to Martinique or St. Lucia, or from Grenada to Martinique—the route of the "Eleuthera," chartered above. All cruises can be done just as easily in the reverse direction. Off-season rates are cheaper, sailing usually fine. In addition to lightweight sportswear and deck shoes, bring skin diving gear, sunbath lotion, sunglasses, lots of film, cigarettes (unless you like English or French) and three swimsuits (one wet, one dry, one drying).

"If that blue-hulled one isn't ours," said Dick, "let's all go home." She sat there at anchor, her mainmast soaring 65 feet into the sky, her gleaming sides reflected in the water, her deck scrubbed, her brass on fire. Through Jerry's binoculars we made out the name on her stern: *Eleuthera II*. We stood on tiptoe and waved like cowards. "Yoo-hoo, *Eleuthera*," my wife screeched. "It's ahoy," said Dick. "Ahoy, *Eleuthera*," Charlyne yelled. A figure appeared on deck, took one look, courageously jumped into a dinghy and came ashore. He was about 35, slim and sunburned, with a small mustache, thinning hair and a rather shy, appealing smile.

"Morris Nicholson," he said, extending a hand. "I'm very happy to see you. Shall we go aboard?"

The *Eleuthera* is a 60-foot auxiliary ketch with a 78-hp Mercedes-Benz diesel inside. Named after the island in the Bahamas, she was built in 1954 at a cost of \$80,000 at the Rasmussen yard in Hamburg, Germany, from an Alden (Boston) design for G. H. Koven, a New Jersey industrialist. Nicholson, who is English, has been her captain since she came off the ways; the other member of her crew, a Spaniard named Jaime, has worked his magic in her galley for six years. She flies the American ensign at her staff and the burgee of the New York Yacht Club at her truck, but she has never touched a U.S. port, having spent most of her life in Majorca or the Greek islands or Canada or the Caribbean. The varied national origins of the boat, builder, designer, owner, captain and cook lend a certain international flavor to the *Eleuthera* that one never quite escapes while aboard.

She sleeps six in relative nautical comfort, eight in only minor discomfort: two in the owner's cabin aft, two in a bunked cabin on the port side, two in the narrow crew's quarters in the bow, and two in the spacious salon, or deckhouse. The only trouble with the deckhouse is that its occupants have no private bathroom—pardon, head. Furthermore, early risers from either of the other cabins must troop through to get topside. In bad weather, meals are also served in the salon, but only once in 10 days were we forced inside to seek refuge from a squall while dining. The rest of the time we ate in the cockpit on a large table built to fit snugly into brackets between the wheel and the mizzenmast.

Dick and Barbara, the last aboard, won the salon. "Tough," we said. "That's all right," said Dick. "I'm an early riser." "Yeah," said Barbara, "early in the afternoon. Don't worry. The entire British navy could sail through here at dawn and he wouldn't hear a thing." We stowed our gear, took off our shoes, wiggled our toes and had a cold beer.

"This may be your last chance in some days to find decent accommodations ashore," said Morris. "The new hotel out on Grand Anse beach is rather lavish, I hear." We looked at each other. "Are there crickets in Grenada?" we asked. "Crickets?" said Morris. "Why, yes, I believe there are." We shook our heads. "We would

continued



WHEN CHAUFFEURS TALK OF CADILLACS, the talk is all good. For few men have the opportunity for such firsthand knowledge of fine cars—or for such constant appraisal of motor car quality. And this year these men, like everyone who sits at its wheel, have formed a special affection for the 1963 Cadillac. Its new performance, its new luxury, and its new beauty make this the most pleasure-provoking automobile of all time. See your authorized dealer and the new Cadillac car. You won't need a chauffeur. Taking the wheel yourself is nine points of the pleasure.



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EARLY TIMES

rather sleep on the boat." The captain seemed pleased.

It was too late to go far, and since B.W.L.A. had assured us that the missing luggage would be in St. George's next day, we decided to cruise to a small bay an hour away on Grenada's south shore. We purred out of the harbor, past Grand Anse and its white sand, around Pointe Saline, decorated by a black-and-white-striped lighthouse, past the old whaling station on Glover Island and, with the depth-finder blinking away at steadily decreasing intervals, slid smoothly into Prickly Bay.

We dropped anchor 100 yards from shore in 20 feet of water that must have been poured from a bottle just the day before, and went for a swim over the side. Debby, who had never been underwater with a face mask, was entranced by the underside of the boat. "I never knew all that stuff was down there," she spluttered. "It looks like an iceberg. I always thought boats were flat on the water, like one of my daughters' drawings." Jerry looked at her. "It's called a keel, dear," he said.

Before dinner we ran ashore in one of the dinghies (the *Eleuthera*, fully equipped, has two, one for show and one for bouncing off coral beaches) and said hello to a man on a pier in front of a very modern house built on the side of a hill. "We hope you don't mind us parking in your front yard," we said. He smiled. "Not at all. You're very decorative out there." We had dinner (baked bonito, Spanish style) by candlelight in the cockpit. The moon came up at 8:45, barely an arm's length away, and turned Prickly Bay into a twinkling sea of light. "I wonder what the folks are doing back in Green Bay, Wisconsin," Jerry asked.

Next morning a spoon and a feather jig, trolled back and forth across the bay for an hour behind the 3-hp outboard, produced no strikes. Morris, a superb seaman and congenial companion, was a complete flop as a fishing guide: his sympathies, we later decided, were with the fish. So were Barbara's. "Didn't the great anglers catch anything?" she asked. "We released them," I said.

Back in St. George's we found our luggage waiting, and also an answer to why fish don't bite. An American shopkeeper told us there were plenty of fish around. "Barracuda, tarpon, kingfish, bonito everywhere," he said. "Bonefish, too. I see them when I skin-dive, and when I first came down here eight years ago I used to try to catch them. I fancied myself an angler then. But they would never hit anything. There's just so much bonito in these waters that the big ones aren't hungry. Maybe somebody will figure it out someday, but right now, if I want a fish I get him with a spear."

While Morris shopped for fresh lettuce, a search that went on for 10 days, the rest of us mailed postcards, bought straw hats, bargained for souvenirs and dodged into doorways to escape the quick tropical showers that came down every few minutes. At noon, when everything in town closed tight for two hours, we retired to



Jaime, the chef, holds aloft langoustes speared by natives.

The Nutmeg, a pink stucco building on the waterfront that specializes in chicken, steaks and the local lobster, which really is *longoswite*, or crayfish. Lunchtime, we found, was a bad time to eat lunch. In Grenada, restaurants seem to close two hours at noon, too. During the meal it rained 12 times. "Must be a record," Jerry suggested. "Not at all," said Morris. This is the dry season. Shall we get under way?"

We went north along the lee coast of Grenada, our sails drying in a light breeze, the diesel rumbling softly underneath. Upon clearing David Point we poked up a fresh easterly, the prevailing wind for this region at all seasons, shut off the motor and began working our way toward Carriacou, the first large island of the Grenadines, some 20 nautical miles away. The *Eleuthera*, on a close reach under full sail, heeled over to port and her speed moved up to six, then seven knots. As we gained the channel the green water turned to blue, whitecaps appeared and spray freckled our faces in the cockpit; flying fish fled before *Eleuthera's* plunging bow, sailing off on their gauzelike fins to disappear in a splash hundreds of feet away. Half of the passengers went below to their bunks. "Haven't got their sea legs yet," the survivors explained. Presently one of these disappeared, too. The *Eleuthera* was in danger of turning into a floating flophouse. Barbara shook her head. "Not me," she said. "If I'm going to be sick, I'll do it right here."

continued

"Have any of you done much sailing?" Morris asked, perhaps to take our mind off the chop. I admitted to limited small boat experience. "Dick was on *Wrecked*," Barbara said. "Oh?" said Morris. "Yeah, he took a picture of Bus Meschacher one day." "Oh," Morris said. He turned the helm over to me and went forward to trim sails. "She handles great," I told the captain on his return. He looked a bit embarrassed. "Well, actually," he said, "I left her on autopilot. You might just push in that little knob there under the wheel."

The *Eleuthera* can be handled easily by two men, but neither Morris nor Jaime was a fool. Because we were interested, Morris let each of the three male passengers, in time, take regular turns at the helm. Because we were *crazy*, Jaime let us help crank up the anchor time without end, hoist and trim and lower and furl sail, swing the dinghies away and bring them back aboard, even swab down the decks and polish brass on occasion. Often, with the boat getting under way, it must have looked like a family reunion in a spider web. "Boy, I bet Jaime will hate to see us go," puffed Dick one day. "Just look at him up there, growing fat."

That first night, however, Morris and Jaime brought her into Tyrell Bay, on Carriacou, alone. It was as black as the inside of your hat by the time we eased past the first headland, but Morris kept moving—half by some mysterious sixth sense and half on the guidance delivered by a small, blinking light on a building ashore. "That's a hospital up there," he explained. "How comforting," Charlyne said. Then the anchor went down, Morris turned on two bright spotlights high in the spreaders, and suddenly we were in a pale green world, full of chirping, lapping, gurgling sounds and peopled by swarms of small fish who arrived to investigate this oversized intruder. Dick brought his tape recorder topside and we dined (roast chicken) to music. The moon came up for dessert, this time bisected by the peak of a nearby mountain. "Rather impressive, Morris," said Jerry, "but what do you do for an encore?" We were tired and turned in early. It's hard work, driving a boat.

We were awakened next morning by native fishermen

casting their nets into schools of small batfish close to a thick section of mangroves near shore. From the dinghy, we asked them what the bait was used for. "Snappers," they said, pointing to their fish pots and then out to some hidden reef offshore. We asked if they ever fished with hook and line. No, said the fishermen. Did they ever see any large fish feeding on the surface? A very old fisherman with a gray goatee nodded. "Surely there are very large kingfish everywhere," he said. We decided to go swimming instead.

It was a magnificent day, clear and sparkling, with native children out of school for the holidays playing on the shore. Mango and breadfruit grew right to the water's edge, shading the series of small, scalloped benches.

A dugout, with three occupants, came alongside. One of the boys stood up, unfolding a yellow, aged letter. "On Her Majesty's Service," read the official seal, which authorized a certain Ronald Gay to collect \$1 a bushel for any oysters harvested in Tyrell Bay, and stating that oysters were not to be picked indiscriminately.

"Where are the oysters?" we asked Morris. "Over there," and he pointed toward the mangroves. "They grow on the limbs of the trees, just at the waterline. You can pick some if you like, but they're small and not too tasty, hardly worth \$1 a bushel."

After breakfast Dick

went ashore to photograph the people and small houses of the village, with Charlyne and Barbara tagging along. Charlyne was looking for ancestors. "Tyrell Bay," she said. "We must have relatives here somewhere," Debby, Jerry and I snorkeled along the beach, finding the grassy floor some 20 yards offshore covered with spiny black sea urchins and thousands of small, green-striped fish. In two hours the tourists returned, to report that 1) all water on Carriacou is collected in cisterns following rains, 2) basketball is the island's favorite sport, 3) there were no ancestors and 4) stores in Carriacou close on Saturday. Despite this, Dick had somehow found the ingredients for a treasured recipe rumored to produce sensational planter's punches. We tested the recipe aboard, after which Morris managed to get *Eleuthera* under way and wobbling out of the harbor.



Three wives, one skipper return from a shopping foray ashore.

The days began to fit into a pattern, a pattern changing only to the extent that the islands themselves changed as we sailed north. We would awaken about 6 o'clock—a barbaric hour under normal conditions, but now quite pleasant, we discovered—and, after breakfast, go skin diving or fishing or swimming or for a walk ashore. We found that small grouper and rock hind occupied most of the inshore reefs and would strike a small yellow or white jig, although only on the very lightest of spinning tackle did they fight hard enough to make it worthwhile. The underwater life, however, was varied beyond belief and indescribably fascinating, something that, as every skin diver knows, one must discover through a face mask for himself, the colors, the patterns, the formations, the living things that swim and scuttle and move and, often, simply grow. The beaches were uniformly magnificent: clean, fine, glistening coral sand or, on occasion, a black volcanic sand that appeared muddy and gloomy from a distance but turned out to be just as clean and pleasant as the white. The water itself, in all its changing hues, was a constant delight. If the island was uninhabited we usually limited our explorations ashore to collecting shells on the beach and a short climb up a nearby hill. Then we would return to *Eleuthera* and set sail for the next island, eating a light lunch of salad and sandwiches under way. Since Morris was English, tea was always served at 4 o'clock. Usually long before dark we would anchor again.

Generally the islands at which we stopped contained other human beings besides ourselves, however, and, as in any part of the world, it is other people who chart your course. At our anchorage for the third night, on the windward side of Union Island, we were greeted by two powerful young men in a home-built skiff.

"Would you like some fresh lobster?" the older one asked.

"Perhaps," said Morris. "How much?"

"Very little extravagance," the spokesman said.

"Will they really be quite fresh?" Morris asked.

"We will spear them in the morning and bring them direct to you." The younger one nodded. "Vincent is one of the best divers in the Caribbean," he said.

We asked if several of us might go along, to take pictures and perhaps to dive ourselves. "Surely you may," Vincent said. "David and I shall pick you up at, say, 7 o'clock." "Say 8 o'clock," Dick said. The boys nodded and began to pull away. Then they stopped.

"Maybe you would like some steel band music to-night?" Vincent suggested. How much? we asked. "Very little extravagance," Vincent said.

The local six-man combo, with David on cello-pan and Vincent as guest conductor, arrived as we finished dinner, banging and clanging away with that strange, compulsive rhythm born in the dark forests of Africa and collected and perfected in the back alleys of bright, sunny Trinidad. We helped the musicians aboard, Mor-

ris shuddering as each sawed-off oil drum slid across *Eleuthera's* rail, and for an hour they assaulted our senses with a mixture of calypso, Stateside popular music and Christmas carols, puffing away at our cigarettes all the while. Eventually Debby, a musician of no small repute (University of Maryland Opera Club, 1935), invited herself to sit in. Within minutes, she had mastered *Jungle Bells* on the ping-pong pan. "Try Chopin's Second," Jerry said.

Dick, a sneaky recorder, had captured the concert for posterity, and now he played back the entire rendition. The boys were entranced. "You'd better shut that thing off," I suggested, "or we'll be smoking Players the rest of the trip." The band left, the music more mellow across the water, and as they rowed and drummed they sang a chant. It was truly lovely. "Why didn't they sing like that on board?" Debby asked. "They were too busy smoking our cigarettes," Jerry said.

David and Vincent appeared in the morning at 7 ("Go away," Barbara told them) and at 8 and at 9, when we finally left, Jerry and Dick in the skiff with the divers and Barbara and I in a dinghy putting along behind. We rounded the point, moved out to rougher, more open water, and then Vincent went over the side. I threw our line to Jerry, slipped on flippers and mask and followed Vincent down. The water here was more than 20 feet deep, and the lobsters were hiding under shelves of coral and in holes right on the floor. Vincent seemed as much at home as any lobster, but my excursions were limited to deep, graceful dives, followed almost immediately by frantic, clawing returns to the surface for air. Finally I crawled into the boat, while Vincent bagged five lobsters with his spear gun in an hour. We ate them for lunch and sailed for the Tobago Cays.

The Tobago Cays are four very small, uninhabited islands surrounded by a protecting reef through which a boat with a seven-foot draft must proceed as cautiously as a destroyer through a mine field. Morris felt his way along, with Jaime hanging over the bow and peering into the water ahead. We passed the southernmost islet, then another, and turned sharply to starboard. Before us lay one of the most beautiful spots in the entire Caribbean.

The narrow channel in which we anchored was perhaps three fathoms deep, and down through the pale, aquamarine water one could almost count the grains of sand on the ocean floor. A striking beach was on our right, 30 yards away. Orange-and-black-striped fish mingled with others of purple and gold. Coral heads jutted toward the surface near shore, and sea fans waved on their pincers. Green stones, the residue of some timeless volcanic upheaval, glittered in the sun. Dense foliage grew down to the beach, almost hiding the small, rugged hills behind. It was a completely wild, uncivilized spot. And there, smack in the middle, squatted three native fishermen around a dugout sailing canoe

continued

pulled up on shore. They stared back at us and refused to wave.

"What do you suppose they're doing here?" Charlyne asked. "I imagine they're waiting until dusk to run their fish pots and return home," Morris said. It looked to me like three guys who had come over to the Cays to get away from their wives for awhile, and I made the mistake of saying so. I went off alone in the dinghy and caught three spotted rock fish at least 10 inches long over a reef in the middle of a rain squall.

A six-hour sail the next day took us past Canouan Island and Petit Canouan, past Mustique and Petit Mustique, past All-wash Island and Pigeon Island and into Admiralty Bay on Bequia. Along the way, a monster of a barracuda devoured the red-and-white feathered jg that I had been hopelessly dragging astern for the better part of four days. An unforgetting battle ensued.

With the *Eleuthera* plowing steadily ahead, 200 yards of 10-pound monofilament disappeared from the spinning reel like a puff of smoke. I took one look at the spool rapidly coming into view and screamed at Jerry, at the helm, to bring her into the wind. Morris muttered something about flapping the sails, and we kept on course. "Why don't you pull him in?" asked Barbara, lost of the great back-seat fishing guides. In desperation, I tightened up on the drag. Suddenly there was nothing on the line. "He threw it," I said. "Damn."

But then I noticed that Morris, bless him, had brought the boat about, we were now on a starboard tack and the fish was still on—but on the other side. I reeled in furiously. I was fouled on the rudder. No, I was free. I passed the rod through cables and ropes and guy wires and flagstays to get to the other side. Pumping hard, I brought him alongside. "He's beautiful," said Charlyne. She grabbed the leader and I heaved him aboard.

"Ugh," said Debby, "look at those teeth." "What do you suppose he weighs?" Jerry asked. "Oh, 10 or 12 pounds," I said. Jaime came up and grinned. "Custo," he said. "Custo, maybe," and took the little barracuda away. "If you catch a couple more like that, we can have them for dinner tonight," Morris said. I glared at him and put the rod away.

It is hard to conceive of each day being better than the last and every island and bay and cove an improvement on the one before, yet this is what seemed to be happening to us. Take Bequia. There was a quaint little town, with pastel buildings and red roofs, with white houses on the shore beneath sheltering trees, with fields and hills and roads that wound to their tops. There were fishing boats drawn up on shore and little native boys swimming naked nearby. There was a beach, named after Princess Margaret because it is supposed to be her favorite of all beaches, and we could see why: a great, curving expanse of sand lying before a coconut

grove that seemed to have been pruned with toenail clippers and, protecting the beach at each end, huge rocks hollowed through with tunnels from the pounding of the waves.

There was also another yacht, a gleaming white schooner, the *Beekawee*, anchored nearby. And there was a hotel, the Sunny Caribbee, that was all that a hotel in the tropics should be: small and white with bougainvillea growing on the roof and, beneath it, a big open veranda with a hammock in the corner and a bar 10 paces away. We put on shoes, for the first time in days, and across a lawn sloping down to meet the water, assaulted the Sunny Caribbee and its bar. We were met at the door by the manager, Tom Johnston (Princeton, '32), who offered us a platter of lobster tails. "Welcome to Bequia," he said.

The next day we crossed Bequia's narrow waist in a Land Rover taxi cab, stopping to pick up Tom Johnston on the way, and went skin-diving in what is more or less Anthony Eden's front yard. "Sometimes he comes down and talks to you," Johnston said. "Watch out for the sea urchins. They're everywhere." Ten minutes later I stepped on a sea urchin.

Johnston helped me ashore and explained that sea urchin spines are seldom fatal and do not even hurt after two or three weeks. They have some sort of microscope hook on the end, like a cactus thorn, and are twice as brittle. You cannot pull them out—they immediately break off—and it is senseless to dig. Eventually they disappear.

"Where to?" I asked. "I don't know," Tom said. "They are absorbed or maybe they come through the top of your foot six months later. A chemist told me that the best treatment is to pour a little hot wax over them." I suggested that we return to the *Eleuthera* and try Dick's planter's punches instead. "Let me show you something first," said Tom.

The cab driver didn't want to go to the top of Bequia, and after a while I was on his side. We went up a road that few goats in their right minds would have attempted. Tom making like Ben Hur. Then we were there and all that I could do was look and blink, a little humble and full of awe. Instead of a tropical forest, we were standing in the middle of a vast upland meadow of high grass, waving like a Kansas wheatfield in a strong wind. To the west lay Admiralty Bay and the *Eleuthera*, a small blue toy mounted on a pane of sapphire glass. To the north lay St. Vincent. To the east, the twin islands of Batioua and Baliceaux rose abruptly out of the sea, craggy and rough as a Scottish landscape. And far to the south we could make out Grenada, a peaked shadow on the horizon. "That's where we started," I said.

The place to end a cruise through the Grenadines is Cumberland Bay. It lies halfway up St. Vincent's lee side, and until the boat is almost within the headlands one



Under critical eyes of Charlyne, Barbara and Jerry, author holds the course as Debby unconcernedly naps behind mast.

hardly realizes that the cove exists. We took one look—at the trees and the mountains and the little river, at the fish boiling on the surface, at the deep water extending almost to shore—and Jerry sighed and shook his head. "This," he said, "is it." No one jested.

We bathed in the river, and nothing in this world was ever more refreshing. I caught two big pick creville on tarpon plugs, and I chased the tarpon themselves all around the harbor, almost as content to watch them roll as I would have been had they struck. Two little girls came down at dusk to light a red lantern on the end of the pier. "Do you light the lantern every night?" we asked. They nodded, shyly. "Do many boats come in here at night?" "Never," they said, and went away.

That evening, wine flowed at dinner and conversation was never so sparkling or gay. Debby even got up and danced on the table. The next morning, at daybreak, the pier was full of natives. "What in the world are they doing here so early?" Barbarn asked. "Waiting for Debby to dance," Charlyne said.

We turned back south and visited Kingstown, lunching atop a hill five miles above the harbor at picturesque Sugar Mill Inn. The food, we decided, was only fair ("Jaime has spoiled us," Debby said) but the view was special. We discovered, however, that we were all restless. "I know what it is," said Charlyne, "we all want to get back to Cumberland Bay." It was just as well, since the shops in Kingstown close early on Wednesdays.

We returned to the little cove for one more night. Then we cruised on to St. Lucia, awarding the dramatic

twain comes that are Gros Piton and Petit Piton only a passing glance. Ashore in Castries, we took our first fresh-water shower in eight days, but it was hardly as refreshing as had been the little river in Cumberland Bay. We ignored the famous old forts, where French and British once fought so desperately for glory and honor and sugar cane; we decided to pass up the steaming sulphur springs in the crater at Soufriere. "If you've seen one hot spring, you've seen 'em all," Jerry said. We did sail into Marigot Harbor the following morning and were as startled by the modern development there as if, while on safari in Africa, we had suddenly found ourselves walking down Collins Avenue on Miami Beach. "Boy, this is living," Debby said. "Yeah," said Charlyne. "Let's get back to the boat." The long sail to Martinique was almost a bore.

"You know what it is?" I asked Jerry. He shook his head. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm tired of looking at your face. Let's get ashore."

We told Morris and Jaime goodbye and blew ourselves to a wild night in Fort-de-France at a luxury hotel. By 8 o'clock everyone around the dining table was about to fall asleep in his soup. "This crazy land keeps rocking," Charlyne said. "I'm going below. I mean to bed."

On the way to the airport in the morning, we saw that the *Eleuthera* had sailed. "Gee, I hated to leave her," Debby said. "There'll never be another trip like that." At the airport, we tried to buy some duty-free liquor.

Closed on Sundays, the sign said.

END



HIDEAWAY IN MEXICO'S SUN

Every Mexican fishing village dreams of growing up and becoming another Acapulco. The gringos who already have found it, will take Puerto Vallarta just exactly as it is

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART KANE



There Are No Telephones in P.V. and the Sea Is like Champagne

by RICHARD OULAHAN

The flight from Guadalajara is enough to make the most blasé traveler sit up and tighten his seat belt. The Sierra Madre rises menacingly to crests of 9,000 feet, their waves broken by bottomless *hurricanes*. An aging DC-6 skims skilfully over the mountaintops, then dives over a foaming jungle, like a tiny surfboard aimed at the new Puerto Vallarta airport. Climbing shakily from the plane, the tourist can immediately see why Puerto Vallarta has kept its pristine isolation for centuries: high mountains embrace the yawning Bahía de Banderas, walling the tiny port completely from the rest of Mexico. The slopes are densely covered with the *selva*, the jungle that creeps right up to the backdoors of town. Until the arrival of the first commercial aircraft four years ago, Puerto Vallarta—or P.V., as the visitor soon begins to call it—was a Latin-American Shangri-La. It still is little-known, but the 20th century is inexorably seeping in, and it is only a question of time before Vallarta goes the way of all such salubrious places in the sun.

Puerto Vallarta was originally called Las Peñas—The Stones. The Pacific coast of Mexico is rocky, and the town has a solid, carved look about it, softened by the abundant trees and flowers, the pastel buildings and the champagne sea at its front doorstep. The streets are cobbled, the sidewalks narrow and the weather sublime (70° mean average).

There are no telephones in Vallarta; the only link with the outside

is the cable office. But nobody needs a telephone, señor: everyone has a *moco*, or messenger boy, close at hand—a fleet young Jaliscoan who will gladly run up the hill to tell Mary to come on down to the beach, or go fetch another tequila sour from the bar. On Sunday evenings the young people of the town make the traditional promenade around the plaza, the girls circling clockwise, the boys counter-clockwise. On nights of the full moon Vallarta throbs to a guitar—or rocks to the omnipresent Warliizer.

Forty years ago, during the Mexican Revolution, the little fishing village was the scene of bloody fighting: the principal beach, Playa de Los Muertos, was named for the men who died there, and the town was patronically renamed for Ignacio Vallarta, Chief Justice of the Mexican Supreme Court during the administration of the great Benito Juárez. The long siesta lasted until seven or eight years ago, when avant-garde artists and vagabonds discovered the place, recognized its fresh charm, and quietly moved in. A dozen small and studiously simple hotels sprouted along the beach; chalets for the rich gringos and richer Mexicans climbed the hill above the river; restaurants, nightclubs, chic shops—even a supermarket—appeared. P.V. boomed.

"The town is divided into two parts, señor," says Germán Gómez, an amiable Vallartan, "this side of the river and the other side of the river." On this side of the Cuale river lies the old town, five blocks

wide from sea to *wha*. On the other side, across a humped bridge, is Los Muertos beach. Five years ago it was an empty strand. Today, it has everything but a boardwalk. But the footloose tourist still can lie on a mat in the sun or laze in the warm, clear water (see cover) in all the solitude he desires.

Vallarta offers almost unlimited opportunities for the sportsman. The bay is leaping with fish. The Tres Muneas, three tiny islets in the mouth of the bay, are ideal for skin-diving. In the early morning, when the bay is tranquil, water skiers sally forth like dragonflies. At sunset the local livery men bathe their horses in the sea (preceding pages). Hunting safaris into the jungle are easily arranged (for details and other travel information see page 41). There are daily whaleboat excursions to Yelapa and Quimixto, two celebrated waterfalls on the coast. On Sundays native Vallartans picnic at Las Amapas, a string of cozy coves where anyone can find his own private beach.

The wave of the future is already casting its spray on Vallarta. The ground has been broken for a 100-room hotel with tennis courts, air conditioning and, horror of horrors, telephones. All-weather amputees will sluice through the mountains, the jungles and down the coast from California in a few short years. Jets are only months away. But for the moment Vallarta, as shown in this color portfolio, is as unspoiled—well, almost, señor—as it was in the days of Pancho Villa.

In the cool of the Mexican morning a fisherman hawks his string of snapper on the streets. In the blaze of noon the pastel town (following pages) looks empty, as native and visitor seek shade.









Future is rosy for Pancho Lepe, Vallarta landlord. Bohemian tenants label his flats the Lepe Hilton.
Past is honored with Mexican dignity and flamboyance, as women decorate graves on All Souls' Day.



Foreign residents and visitors get word on local chic from Nelly Wolfe, who runs town's chief boutique.

Colony of American and English expatriates overlooking the river Ameca is called Gringo Gulch.



nelly's





The bay is full of fish, the jungle full of game, the soft night full of music—and the iguana is a pushover for tasty hibiscus blossoms

GETTING THERE: The shallow bay will admit fairly large yachts. There is a special apron for private planes at the new airport. But most tourists have only one way of entry: Compañía Mexicana de Aerovías' daily DC-6 flights—in the morning from Mexico City (with a stop at Guadalajara) and in the afternoons from Los Angeles (via Mazatlán).

STAYING THERE: There's a good selection of small hotels. Right on Los Muertos beach is the saffron-colored Tropicana, which has just opened a new ocean-front wing, and the brand-new Marsol, which has apartments with cooking facilities. The downtown Oceano is justly proud of its fine food, and marachi bands gather each night in its patio. The Posada de la Selva (Jungle Inn) is a secluded cottage colony with a pleasant swimming pool underneath some of the biggest mango trees on earth. The Rosita is coral pink, convenient to downtown, with a brand-new pool. At the Playa de Oro, a rustic cottage colony on the airport road, guests are greeted by an affectionate baby boar, an ocelot kitten and an antic anteater. The Rio has a pleasant pool in its patio, and a Cerniascope view of the bay and mountains. Las Campanas is perched on a hill in the midst of dazzling tropical flowers. Other hotels are the Bucanero, Posada del Pedregal and Chula Vista. Prices at all hotels range from \$5 to \$9 a day, single, European plan, and \$9.50 to \$15 daily with meals. In the summer season rates are 10% lower.

FISHING: All manner of marine life inhabits the surrounding waters: marlin, snailfish, dolphin, red snapper, yellowtail and a score of

others can be caught within the bay or just outside. Deep-sea fishing boats, equipped with tackle, bait and beer, are available on the waterfront. Mexicana Airlines has a fleet of three trim boats for charter. Rates are \$50 a day. Smaller craft, including sailboats, are for hire at rates of \$1.60 per hour and up. Surf casting is generally good in the coves south of town. A popular local sport is harpooning the huge (3,000 pounds) devilfish, or manta ray, that inhabits the bottom of the bay. Once speared from a native dugout canoe towed behind an outboard, the winged monsters are good for a thrilling ride and sometimes jump as high as 20 feet in the air. Jack Cawood, a one-time journalist who owns and operates the Playa de Oro Hotel, will arrange a manta ray hunt on request.

HUNTING: In the jungle there are jaguar, ocelot, deer, boar, ducks, turkeys and iguana, to name a few. (Iguanas, which can be cooked into a tasty ragout, with skin left over for shoes and belts, are best caught on the rocks, with rod and reel, baited with a tasty hibiscus blossom.) Angelo Gutierrez will arrange hunting expeditions into the *selva* at the rate of \$8 per person a day.

HORSES: Next to the jeep, horses are the principal means of transportation around Vallarta. They are for hire everywhere in town, for a breezy canter down the beach, or a dreamy ride through the jungle trails under a canopy of palms, orchids and screaming parrots. Rates: 40¢ an hour.

SHOPPING: The boutique thrives like the bougainvillea—a harbinger of creeping civilization. Nelly's (see

page 39) is the most stylish shop in town, with a branch on the beach. She also exports her resort clothes to New York's Henri Bendel. Fun Clothes, on Los Muertos beach, has vivid and nutty mumuus, which are *de rigueur* for the chic *aristas* of Puerto Vallarta. Along Avenida Juárez there are shops that purvey fine products of gold, silver, leather and other native crafts at bargain prices.

DINING AND DANCING: The local cuisine—especially the seafood



—is superior to the best in Acapulco. All of the hotels and a handful of good restaurants—Del Mar, Los Jardines, La Margarita and, on the beach, La Palapa—offer fine food at about \$2 for dinner. Night life is limited, but lively. Some of the bar-restaurants have acts from Guadalajara, and the mariachi bands are all over the place. At La Palapa it is worth the price of a drink to watch the enthusiastic young *aristas* dancing the *tweest*. **END**

Late in a Puerto Vallarta afternoon a fishing party heads home from a successful day's outing. In addition to trolling for snailfish, marlin and dolphins, harpooning the manta ray is a local sport.



TRAVEL FACTS: OFFBEAT IN THE WEST INDIES

The Caribbean archipelago decorating these pages (not without some artistic license) is formed by a shrimp-shaped string of islands, great and small, that stretch for 2,500 miles. They enclose in their vast sheltering curve a placid sea more than one million miles square, second in size only to the Malay Sea, second in charm to none. They lie entirely below the Tropic of Cancer in a climate constantly moderated by the westerly trade winds.

This year more than 750,000 Americans will invade these peaceful islands, an uncomfortable majority of them between now and the end of April. They will be seeking what not long ago was a prerogative only of the very rich, the aged or the invalid: a winter spell in the sun.

For the high season, 17 airlines have scheduled 400 departures a week from the

U.S. and Canada, with seat space for 39,700 passengers. Where will everyone sleep?

The cruise passengers, diminished in number by the East Coast longshoremen's strike, which has caused the postponement or cancellation of American carriers, naturally will sleep aboard. Most of the others will follow the crowd to such long-established capitals as Jamaica, Barbados, Puerto Rico and St. Thomas. But even the smallest West Indian isle is rustling and stirring as the adventurous tourist seeks his own equivalent of a Grenadines sail. With jets flying now to 11 Caribbean airports and with small-plane connections to anything long and flat enough for a landing strip, no place in the West Indies is more than a day away. But the imaginative traveler need not play Robinson Crusoe to get away from it all—frequently

the quietest place is right in the middle of the crowd.

THE CAYMANS

These three small islands, lying due south of Florida and well below hostile Cuba, are a British colony and are called by the natives "the islands that time forgot." The airlines remembered. Grand Cayman is only two hours from Miami on regularly scheduled flights. Guides will take you lobster-pogging in clear waters. Fishing is excellent for sail, marlin and wahoo. The islands are flat but have beautiful foliage and miles-long white sand beaches. There are a dozen places to stay on Grand Cayman. Cayman Brac, 40 minutes from Grand Cayman by its own twice-weekly Cessna, is a coconut-and-papaya paradise with a modern hotel. The Buccaneer's Inn, which overlooks the Carib-

bean in three directions. Winter rates at all Cayman facilities are less than off-season summer rates on other islands. At Buccaneer's, for example, they are \$22.50-\$25 per couple, with meals. (Unless otherwise stated, all rates quoted below are full American plan, double occupancy. Unlike hotels in the States, which charge the lone guest almost as much as two, the single resorter gets fair treatment—for single rates figure only a bit more than half the double rates.) Little Cayman? Not yet, but a hotel and airstrip will be ready next season.

JAMAICA

By contrast, no island in the Caribbean is better developed for tourists than Jamaica. It cannot in any language be called a traveler's discovery. It does have, however, at Port Antonio, one of the most expensive resort





bedways in the world; Frenchman's Cove. The rates are \$2,000 per couple for two weeks, a flat fee that is supposed to provide, in addition to absolute privacy, anything the guest's heart desires (SI, May 30, '60). Jamaica and Puerto Rico are the gelling centers of the Caribbean: Jamaica has five 18-hole courses. New this season is The Trelawny Club, with its course on beautiful Runaway Bay, 15 miles from Ocho Rios; rooms \$50 per day.

HAITI

With its troubled politics and lack of a jet airstrip, Haiti is one of the few Caribbean republics losing its tourist trade. He who takes the trouble can escape the crowd and also find a room in one of many fine hotels with little difficulty—and French-Creole food that is among the best in the Car-

continued

flora

ibbean. Beaches are poor or out of the way, but hotels have pools. Scenery is spectacular and, from now until April, so is duck shooting.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

With Trujillo a thing of the past, visitors are welcome and there is nothing wrong here that a couple of years of work on tourist facilities won't cure—the only thing Trujillo didn't let run down was his bank account. There is fabulous dove shooting, now that firearms are once more allowed; there is also horse racing every Sunday.

PUERTO RICO

With the lowest air fares in the West Indies and with new hotels popping up all over the landscape, San Juan was on the verge of becoming another place where you couldn't see the ocean for the eggerettes. But a moratorium has been imposed on beach-front building in the cheek-by-jowl Condado area. Out toward the Dorado Beach (which has added nine holes to its already splendid 18-hole golf course) the Riviera opens this week, a handsome but jazzier competitor with two swimming pools, a casino, and a golf course bounded by beautiful stands of coconut.

The first hotel on the eastern shore of the island, El Conquistador, opens a new Puerto Rican frontier 40 miles from San Juan. The handsome 80-room building is 280 feet up on a cliff overlooking clear green water all the way to the Virgins. (First requirement of a proper West Indian seascape: another island to gaze upon and tempt the wandering spirit.) The pool, a putt-

ing green and a croquet lawn are on hotel level; a *teleferico* takes guests down to a secluded beach. The water, protected by Icacos Reef, makes for fine sailing, snorkeling and fishing—native sloops from nearby Las Croabas are only \$25 per day. Hotel rates are \$56.

AMERICAN VIRGINS

Busy St. Thomas, shopping center of the Caribbean, has hidden charms for those who get out of Charlotte Amalie. On the north coast, only 20 minutes from town, there is, for example, a Gauguinlike hideaway. The Dorothea Beach Club: 32 acres of palm trees, beach and rocks, from which guests have been known to cast successfully for tarpon. There are only five cottages, all with orchids growing in the showers, \$45 per day. More sedate St. Croix's newest attraction is Buck Island National Park. You sail over on a catamaran or sloop, picnic on the beach and snorkel through a morass of staghorn coral inhabited by schools of reef fish—all clearly marked with undersea signs.

St. John's Caneel Bay Plantation was built by Laurence Rockefeller from the very start to be a quiet 600-acre retreat, and now that it is thoroughly surrounded by the Virgin Islands National Park there is no danger that it won't always be so. There are no fewer than 10 seagrass-sheltered beaches for the 160 guests. Rates are about \$50.

BRITISH VIRGINS

While their American sisters had 291,000 visitors during 1962, the British Virgins

claimed 4,000. Those 4,000 found a huge marine garden of small islands close together, once described as "a handful of emeralds tossed by a careless pirate." From St. Thomas, Tortola, the largest, is only 1½ hours by ferry; all the islands are within 20 minutes of St. Thomas by float plane. The Treasure Isle, on Tortola, has 8 rooms, an 18-foot racing sailer (\$15 per day) and a fiber-glass Thunderbird (\$20-\$50 per day) for exploring such nearby gems as Salt, Ginger, Cooper and Peter. Rates are \$28, and the menu features such West Indian specialties as chicken Tortola (baked in a coconut), and excellent curries.

Nearby Marina Cay is run by underwater enthusiast Allan Bathum. All sorts of boats and snorkeling gear are available, and there are 180 known wrecks near by. Marina Cay is a six-acre island with A-frame cottages. Guests like the notion of roughing it in all that natural beauty enough not to object to a \$35-per-day charge.

A step up the luxury ladder is the Guana Island Club, on 750-acre Guana, run by Louis Bigelow, a Bostonian right out of Marquand. Shelling, snorkeling and bird watching (the smoothbilled ani, the pied-billed grebe, the mustachied quail dove) are favorite pastimes. Rates are \$45 per day.

ANTIGUA

Antigua's hotels are spread around the entire circumference of the island. Each one is a haven on its own waterfront—an isolation that is intensified by the primitive road conditions. The big new hotel, part of a chain

headed by Abe Issa, the man who put Jamaica on the tourist map, is the Jelly Beach (\$48). There are some particularly pleasant small hotels that make an extra effort to supply guests with sporting facilities. Hawksbill overlooks four crescent beaches and Montserrat on the horizon. The Admiral's Inn, built in 1788, at English Harbour, has 10 delightful rooms right on the cove that was Horatio Nelson's Caribbean deckyard and is today the hub of yachting in these parts (see page 22). High on a hill across the way, another hotel, The Inn, has hollyhocks in the garden and a half-timbered taproom looking out to sea. Curtain Bluff has En-Tout-Cas tennis courts, and 36-foot Chris-Craft. Rates for all these hotels are \$40.

The man to see for water sports in Antigua is Tony Johnson. Antigua also is a good jumping-off spot for charter-plane investigations of small islands near by. Nevis, for example, is a dramatic island where Mrs. Mary Pomeroy has turned Nisbet, an old sugar plantation, into a charming five-room guesthouse (\$20 for two). Anguilla, an island 16 miles long that is almost all virgin beach, has a simple hotel, the Anguilla, where two can sleep—and eat—for only \$8 per day.

Just to the northeast of Antigua is Barbuda, where last year William Cody Kelly of Cincinnati opened, on a splendid crescent of protected beach, the most unusual sportsmen's resort in the West Indies—Coco Point Lodge. Here everything is made for hunting and fishing, and the \$85-

per-day fee for two includes meals, liquor, guides, tackle, skin-diving gear, guns, licenses, Land Rover and small boats. A 42-foot motor sailer is \$150 per day, and a 30-foot sport fisherman, \$80. There are 10 immaculate beach-front units. Fishing is for grouper, yellowtail, snapper, jack and marlin. Duck and guinea fowl are shot from now until April, dove and fallow deer (one per person), in the fall in the island's scrubby forest. There are 73 weeks around the island for expert scuba exploring.

Leeward Islands Air Transport (LIAT) has special day-trip charter rates to most of these islands—to Nevis, for example, it is \$102 for six people in a Bonanza.

MARTINIQUE AND GUADELOUPE

At last, at last, the French islands, particularly Martinique and Guadeloupe, are coming into their own. Yachtsmen who sail the Windwards and Leewards go to these islands to eat—and to admire the beautiful women. So should tourists, now that two sparkling hotels are open this season. The new one in Guadeloupe, the Caravelle, has 100 rooms, a casino and a beach at Sainte Anne. The rates are \$42 to \$46, with two meals. In Martinique the Cip Est, a 30-minute drive from Fort de France through cane and banana plantations, has 15 tile-roofed double cottages, two chefs from metropolitan France, a swimming pool and a beautiful beach. The Hotel Europe on the Savane features, in addition to a menu that would do the best Paris bistro proud, such Creole specialties as *cololou*

—an herb soup—and crayfish, sea urchins and stuffed crab backs.

THE GRENADINES

Thus chain of islands is described in Roy Terrell's article, beginning on page 18. Last month two resort hotels opened—the St. Lucia Beach and the Grenada Beach, doubling the room capacity of the entire area. They are, like Antigua's Jolly Beach, part of the Caribbean group. Rates at both are \$48 per day.

BARBADOS

Since it has been as carefully cultivated as an English garden for the past 50 years (SI, Dec. 25, '61), the only thing really offbeat about this popular island is that nothing is.

TOBAGO

This is where the folks from Trinidad go for a fine weekend, and BWIA runs what amounts to a shuttle of Bonanzas and DC-3s between the two. The spectacular beaches are lined with coconut palms, which this year are striped with red, white and blue paint in celebration of Trinidad and Tobago's new independence. The crystal lagoons are full of bonefish and tarpon, and two or three miles out to sea are jack, mackerel, barracuda, snapper, dolphin. Unlike the fish in many other areas of the Caribbean, they will take a fisherman's lure, particularly when the fisherman is guided by Cecil Anthony, a genial fellow of enormous girth. From January to July, Cecil "chums" by planting bamboo buoys on which flying fish lay eggs—apparently caviar to tar-

pon. Cecil will rent you a small native boat, put-out outboard and tackle for \$2 a day, or take a party of five out on his large boat for \$40 a day. His guides also take groups out to Buccoo Reef, where in water only waist-deep (sneakers are a must for walking on the coral) all the glories of reef life can be watched through a faceplate.

Best place to stay is Arnos Vale, a group of cottages on a small cove, set in tropical gardens filled with orchids and hummingbirds. Rate is \$38.

TRINIDAD

This big, noisy island can hardly qualify as a retreat, but it's not exactly in the mainstream either. There is good hunting in the jungles of the mountainous interior for deer, alligator, wild hog, duck and dove, but hunting is difficult for tourists to organize, as is boating and fishing. The biggest thing to happen to Trinidad in 1962, besides its independence, was the opening of the Trinidad Hilton, an upside-down hotel with lobby and pool deck on top of a hill, room levels spilling down the slopes below. The hotel overlooks Queen's Park Savannah, a large grassy plain surrounded by Italianate villas. Cricket, soccer and flat racing all take place here. One way to get away from the crowd during one of the year's eight six-day racing programs is to sit on a balcony at the Hilton and watch the races with binoculars, placing bets by telephone with any one of 17 different parlors. Another way is to go down to the docks some afternoon and

hire a boatman to take you to the mangrove swamps, where you can watch clouds of scarlet ibis return to rest at sunset. The cosmopolitan character of Trinidad makes for better food than is to be found on most British-colonized islands. One place that specializes in such native dishes as leg of lamb roasted over a guava-wood fire is the Hilton's La Boucan room. Another is the Belvedere, an acre overlooking all Port of Spain and across to the Venezuelan shore. Its Austrian proprietors turn high the recorded Viennese waltzes to drown the steel band at the Hilton far below and make a specialty of such Trinidad game as *gwek* (wild pig) and *no-to* (armadillo).

THE DUTCH ABC'S

These three Dutch islands, the tail of the long Antillean chain, have a different landscape from that of the rest of the West Indies. They are very arid and windy. Aruba's and Curaçao's thriving oil refineries have made them so financially secure that it is only in the past several years that they have sought the tourist trade, and both have big new beachfront hotels, the Intercontinental in Curaçao, the Caribbean Hotel-Casino in Aruba. Bonaire, without oil to bolster the economy, is a simple place for bird watchers and water buffs. Flamingos in pink hordes nest on the island's salt flats, as do heron, snipe, tern, pelican—140 different species. The Flamingo Beach Club, \$22-\$26 per day, is the place to stay. Trolling for bonito, tuna, wahoo and kingfish is excellent off all three islands.

—FRED R. SMITH





Happily Alone on Frazer's Hog Cay

"What I like about my house," says Richard C. Murphy, a Miami businessman who regularly has the urge to get away from all those people who are getting away from it all, "is the view from the sundeck. When I see a bonefish in the flats down there and feel like doing something about it, I can reach my boat and be after him before he decides to take off for someone else's island."

For Dick Murphy there is no sport like bonefishing, and the sparkling flats in his own front yard (left and below) are the best bonefish waters he knows. Fortunately for a man who finds fish, family, water and sun company enough, the rest of the Murphy clan is just as keen about the water and its pleasures. His wife, Marion, prefers to take the family Chris-Craft out toward Bimini where the marlin run. When their sons, Dick, 24, and Dale, 20, can borrow the boat from their mother, they skin-dive and water-ski from nearby beaches.

The Murphys didn't build their vacation from vacationists without some effort. They chose for their retreat a small Bahamas island of the Berry group called Frazer's Hog Cay, 153 miles east of Miami and 37 miles northwest of Nassau. Such remoteness has its drawbacks: the island is a



1½-hour charter flight from home base, and it is in British territory, obliging Murphy to go through all sorts of immigration formalities every time he wants seclusion.

There is no shopping—he has to fly over all the food his family will need, except for the fish they catch—and even then the British will not allow entry of fresh fruit and vegetables from Florida. For fresh water, a big problem on most small islands, a well had to be drilled through the extremely hard island limestone. Luckily the Murphys struck a spring only 12 feet down.

Heavy timbers for construction of the house were sent to the island by ship, but even so it took 44 plane trips from the mainland to bring in additional materials and appliances—and that didn't make things any cheaper. All rock for terraces and walls was hewn from the hillside. The Murphys' architect, a young Floridian named Peter Jefferson, perched the jutting deck 55 feet above the sea as much for practical reasons as for effect. By keeping the decks above the foliage he surmounted an island disadvantage—sandflies. From the living room one has the sense of being on a ship, looking out to sea. The skeleton of beams above the rear deck provides structural rigidity in high winds and defines the open sky.

When the Murphys moved into their house last May the population of Frazer's Hog Cay rose to an alltime high—17 persons. Of 700 islands and 2,400 cays in the Bahamas only Frazer's and a couple of dozen others are inhabited. That leaves more than 3,000 opportunities for solitude beneath the Bahamian sun for the rest of us. —PAMELA KNIGHT

Living-kitchen-dining area (below), with walls of island limestone and red cedar, focuses on the sea. Parasol-ribbed roof of sundeck (opposite) is of southern pine; outside wall is of unpolished cedar, already weathering the color of driftwood.







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Life in the valley of death



The Missouri Valley Conference plays the best basketball in the country, and teams that wander its way can expect nothing but trouble

At the finish of the Long Beach State Tournament in California last month the coaches of the four competing teams were bidding each other goodby when Dick Perry of Long Beach said to Maurice John of Drake, "Brother, I sure feel sorry for you. Imagine having to go back and play in that Missouri Valley Conference." Perry was only suggesting what so many coaches feel this year, and rightfully: that Missouri Valley basketball is the best there is.

"The Missouri Valley is the toughest league in the country," concedes Fred Taylor of Ohio State, a man who twice had his top-ranked team beaten in the NCAA final by Cincinnati, the Valley champion. Old Adolph Rupp of Kentucky pretty much agrees. "No question about it," says Rupp. "It's a very strong conference." Rupp found out just how strong when St. Louis overwhelmed Kentucky 87-63 last month. It was one of the worst beatings ever given a Rupp team.

Other coaches also cast their votes for the Valley. "The Big Ten has some real good teams," says Ray Meyer of DePaul, "but not as many as the Valley." Notre Dame's Johnny Jordan seconds that. "As an independent team, we play schools from all conferences," Jordan says. "The Valley is tops."

In spite of its status, the Missouri Valley Conference is hardly a prominent athletic entity. It plays a kind of fourth-rate football that attracts no national attention, and even basketball followers are hard-pressed to name its schools. No wonder, for it is a hodgepodge conference of seven teams from seven different states. It rambles west from Cincinnati to Peoria (Bradley), just south of Chicago, swings into the cornfields of Iowa (Drake), then south through St. Louis, the Kansas plains (Wichita), the oil fields of Oklahoma (Tulsa) and the North Texas cattle country (North Texas State).

A WATTLE IN FRONT, a milk bottle behind, Wichita's Miller sees team beat St. Louis.

The name of the conference is a geographical absurdity, for not one of its seven schools is located in the Missouri River Valley, most of which is northwest of St. Louis.

Though the conference may be ineptly named, there is nothing inept about its teams. This year four of them are ranked among the nation's best. Cincinnati, undefeated, untied and practically unscored upon, is a unanimous No. 1. Wichita is in the top 10, and Bradley and St. Louis are not far behind. "We could probably win the title in any other conference," moans John Benington of St. Louis, "but not in the Valley." Charlie Orsborn of Bradley weeps the same tears, as does Ralph Miller of Wichita. "Know one of the main reasons Cincinnati has won two straight championships?" growls Miller. "It's the stiff competition the team gets in this conference." Ed Becker of Cincinnati would seem to agree. Last year he is said to have remarked, more or less seriously, "After winning in the Valley, the NCAA is a breeze."

The hard life

Joe Swank, the peppery coach of Tulsa, views life as a lowly man on a very tall totem pole. "We can beat nine out of 10 teams in the country," Swank says, "but we don't even belong in the Valley, not yet." Tulsa won its first seven games this season. "All the teams in our conference look good before league play begins," he says. "Then we kill each other. Our Tulsa team isn't strong enough to be a real contender, but we're not weak enough to be overlooked either. So the big boys come in here with their guns out. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. But I wouldn't want to coach in any other league. When you beat a Valley team, you can be proud." (Proud Coach Swank upset Drake last week.)

Not many out-of-conference teams have beaten the Valley this year. The Valley's record against outsiders is 50-16 for a 75.8 percentage, easily the best in the country. The Southeastern Conference is a distant second at 694, followed by the Big Six at 643, the Big Ten at 556 and the Atlantic Coast Conference at a flat 500. At home, the Valley stands a remarkable 44-1 against outside competition. More meaningful than the sta-

continued

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BASKETBALL continued

statistics themselves is the quality of competition that the Valley faced. "I see where Wichita played Minnesota, Ohio State, Cincinnati and St. Louis in succession," said Notre Dame's Jordan the other day. "And before that they beat Arizona State, which nobody else has done yet. Why don't they just schedule the top 10 instead?"

Wichita won all three of those tough out-of-conference games—Ohio State was unbeaten and ranked second when it lost 71-54—adding prestige to the Valley along with such victories as lowly Tulsa's over Purdue and St. Louis' massacre of Kentucky.

Almost everyone is ready with an explanation for the Valley's success. Top-notch coaching, say some. Jack Gardner of Utah admires Cincinnati's Ed Jucker. "Nobody wins two national titles unless he's a great coach," says Gardner. Duke's Vic Bubas praises John Benington and his team's careful style. "Why, he helped Pete Newell of California write the book," says Bubas.

Joe Swank thinks the Valley scouts its opponents more thoroughly than other conferences do. "Most Valley games are like an assistant coaches' reunion," he says. "My assistant lives on the road."

Everyone agrees that what has really made the Valley the present king of basketball is its high-voltage job of recruiting. "That's the tip-off," says Fred Taylor. "They go after basketball players like nobody else, believe me." Detroit's Bob Calihan talks like a man who has been done out of a few athletes by Valley coaches—and who hasn't been? "If they want a kid these days," grumbles Calihan, "you might as well forget him."

Recruiting is made easier by the heavy emphasis placed on basketball in the Valley. "Boys planning to play basketball in college like to go to a school where the sport is emphasized," says Charlie Johnson of North Texas State. "Every kid likes the prospect of being the No. 1 campus hero."

Much of the Valley conference is in the heart of the nation's basketball belt, another help to recruiting. "Look out the window," said Jack Gardner the other day while sitting in his office at Salt Lake City. "Here it is January, and half the cars I see are loaded with kids going skiing. The other half are loaded with kids going to play golf. In the Valley area there's no golf this time of year and precious little skiing. The snow is piled

against the gym door and inside on a cozy warm floor the kids are playing basketball and more basketball."

Vic Bubas offers another point. "The Valley allows participation in both the NCAA and the NIT tournaments. This focuses a lot of attention on the conference, gives it prestige. Naturally boys want to play there."

A matter of marks

Rival coaches do quietly question whether a few of the boys who play for Valley schools would be academically acceptable in other conferences. Some raise the question indirectly. "I would have no great fear of competing in the Missouri Valley basketball race," ventures Dick Harp of Kansas, "provided the team I coached was subject to the same scholastic requirements as the other teams in the conference."

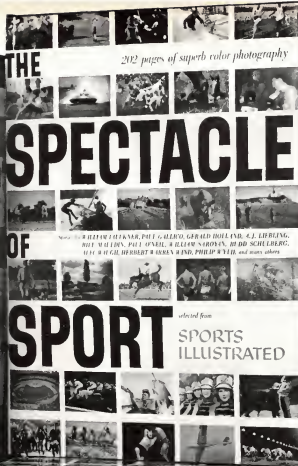
Tex Winter of Kansas State is more direct. "It's my feeling," says Winter, "that the majority of Missouri Valley schools do not have the scholastic standards of a number of other major conferences. They can admit marginal students and keep them eligible." Then he adds what coaches know is the sport's saddest truism: "There are an awful lot of marginal students who are excellent basketball players."

Finally, some say it bluntly. "It's a real outlaw league," protests one coach. "They get players nobody else can touch."

The protests may or may not be justified, the academic standards of the opposition being a constant subject of complaint in collegiate athletics. The fact remains that at the moment the Valley is the No. 1 basketball conference in the country. Nor does there seem to be a likelihood that it will lose its position very soon.

Joe Swank reports going to a meeting of Valley coaches recently. "I told them I was kind of proud of my freshman team," he says. "Thought it was the best we've ever had at Tulsa. So Jucker spoke up: 'You know, I've got the hottest freshman team I've ever had.' Then Drake followed, same thing: Wichita, same, Bradley, St. Louis, North Texas State, all the same wherever you look. We're all loaded. That's the thing about this conference. You have to keep running, and even so you're going to get bit. But if you ever stop running you'll get swallowed alive."

END



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It's all a question of balance

Mrs. Richard J. Ross, MacLugan housewife and mother, made a personal plea for less emphasis on competitive and more opportunity for the "rejects" in the nation's fitness and athletic programs (SI, Nov. 12). In answer, Mrs. Don Van Rossum, Oregon mother and former

physical education teacher, gave firm support to competition and challenged parents to "build up" the less gifted child (SI, Dec. 17). Now Bud Wilkinson, Special Consultant to the President on Youth Fitness, presents his views on the "overprotected, underdeveloped child"

To the Editor

Dear Sir:

I read the letters from Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Van Rossum with interest—and puzzlement. First, I fail to understand why a letter critical of Little League baseball and competitive sports should be addressed to me in my capacity as Special Consultant to the President on Youth Fitness. Second, I do not believe a discussion of such programs can properly be called a "Fitness Forum."

Obviously, I am in favor of competitive sports. I have been associated with them most of my life, and I am aware of both their good points and their limitations. Athletic competition is the end result, not the starting point, of fitness.

In a sense, competitive sports are to the physically gifted what honors courses and advanced study are to the intellectually gifted. I believe they are justified on these grounds. However, they can contribute but little to a solution of the physical fitness problem. Their nature—and the nature of the facilities required—limits participation to a select few. In addition, many people have no desire to participate, and some sports do not significantly develop physical fitness.

The overall effect is to make varsity athletics, Little League baseball, and other programs of this type irrelevant to the problem presumably under discussion.

Our concern is the physical fitness of all people, and not just those with an aptitude or liking for sports. Try as we may to eliminate the necessity for physical activity from our lives, we still are physical beings. Our intellects and emotions are subtly affected by our physical condition, and we must achieve at least a minimum level of physical fitness to function efficiently in any area.

Although Mrs. Ross apparently mis-

understands the programs recommended by the Council on Youth Fitness, she makes the best possible case for them. One of our basic points is that every school should identify its physically underdeveloped students and then work with them to develop their strength, stamina, and agility.

The weak, awkward, or timid child is not expected to "make the team," or to compete against physically superior students. He is encouraged to improve his own performance, and to try to achieve the minimum standards of fitness established in tests involving thousands of children.

Certainly, one of the major problems in promoting physical fitness is that the best programs and enthusiastic public support usually are reserved for those who need them least—the varsity athletes. But the solution does not lie in destroying these programs. We must establish similarly well-supported and well-administered physical activity programs for the other 90% or 95% of our boys and girls.

In recommending physical fitness programs to the nation's schools, we have consistently emphasized the need for 100% participation. Contrary to what Mrs. Ross implies, we seek out what we call "the overprotected and underdeveloped child," not the physically gifted. The fact is, the youngster who can play varsity sports does not need our help. With few exceptions, he already is amply developed and sufficiently motivated.

I can understand a youngster's disappointment at not getting to play for the varsity. However, this is no reason to lower our standards. We rightfully insist on excellence in spectator sports, as we do in other things offered for public acceptance, and we offer less demanding

activities for the less gifted. This is true in every area of life.

We have been heartened by the manner in which the public, the schools, and the students have accepted our program. It proves again that Americans, when confronted with opportunity and challenge, will respond vigorously and enthusiastically.

We can be as physically fit as any people in the world, if we maintain a proper balance between competitive sports for the few and participant programs for the many. An excellent example is La Sierra High School in Carmichael, California. The youngsters participate in programs tailored to their individual needs, and the boy who improves and excels in physical education is as highly regarded as the star footballer.

Last fall, 991 La Sierra boys took our standard physical screening test. Only 35 failed. Of these, 31 were freshmen and transfer students. In most schools, fewer than three out of four students pass this test, but most of the La Sierra boys sailed through it with ridiculous ease. Obviously, the majority of these boys cannot play for the varsity, but this has not kept them from being extremely fit.

With a proper understanding of our problem and good physical fitness programs, I believe the children in every school in the land can do as well as those in La Sierra. Some, of course, will always do better than others, but even the least gifted can develop the strength, stamina, and energy which will allow them to lead more productive and creative lives.

We are grateful to Sports Illustrated for focusing attention on the physical fitness problem, and we hope this discussion has served to clarify the nature of our programs and objectives.

C. B. (Bud) WILKINSON



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Dallas has hosts of millionaires, but none of them can quite match the combination of business acumen and sporting zeal of Clint Murchison Jr., who has successfully overcome the handicap of being a rich man's son

by JOE DAVID BROWN

Along about the time livery stables began to install gasolene pumps, my grandmother's brother Billy left Alabama for Texas, expecting to strike oil every time he dug a hole. There was plenty of oil, all right, but there were also plenty of men ahead of Billy. After leaving a trail of dry wells across Texas, he finally came down with pneumonia while sleeping in an unheated tent near Comroe and died. My grandfather never quite got over Billy's failure. "It just doesn't seem fair somehow," he always said, "because Billy was just naturally endowed to be a Texas millionaire. He was loudmouthed, opinionated, wore \$2 shoes and never tipped more than a nickel in his life."

Texas millionaires have come a long way in the last 40 years. Some of them are dollar-pinching louts, to be sure, and some of them throw their money around with flamboyant bad taste, but most of them live richly and stylishly, wear ordinary hats and carry attaché cases, read books, attend plays, collect what passes for art and sometimes even ride to the hounds in pink coats. Yet it does seem to be a fairly conspicuous fact that Texas millionaires, by the very nature of things, are not altogether the same as ordinary people. In the whole splendid state there probably is no more obvious example of this than Clint Williams. *continued*

THE GAME'S THE THING in the Murchison home, where Clint Jr. and his wife Jane watch Robert (left), Coke Ann and Burk competing

Murchison Jr., a compact, brush-haired Dallas millionaire who is president and majority stockholder of the Dallas Cowboys' professional football team, as well as an all-around sportsman with a happy gift for mixing business and pleasure while doing his level best to make a profit out of both.

"I have never felt repressed by money," he explains pleasantly. "I think Joe E. Lewis, the comedian, had it about right when he said, 'I've been rich and I've been poor, and, believe me, rich is better.'"

Actually, Clint Murchison (pronounced *Murkisson*) has never been poor, but he has long been—even by Texas standards—a most unusual millionaire. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, normally has a polite and deceptively mild manner, shuns ostentation, refuses to dabble noisily in politics and enjoys a bit of nonsense as long as it is not passed off as the solemn truth. So strangers sometimes conclude that the only reason Clint Jr. is considered unique is that he is a thoroughly nice guy who looks and acts pretty much like anybody's next-door neighbor. As far as it goes, this is true. He also has an IQ of 140-plus, which puts him near the genius category, owns a Phi Beta Kappa key, holds a master's degree in mathematics from MIT, shows an acerbic aversion to dimwits and climbers, sometimes is brusque with associates and always operates on the cocky assumption that the bigger a business opponent is the harder he will fall. So foes claim that Clint Jr. is unusual because he is as aggressive as Pecos Pete and as coldly calculating as an IBM computer. This also probably is true.

From the time he first set out for school with his lunch under his arm, Clint Jr. has been fiercely determined to make his mark in the world and to enjoy himself while doing it. He has succeeded admirably. Although he has not yet turned 40, his name not only is as readily recognizable as the ring of a bright silver dollar in any cow town in Texas, it also commands attention in oak-paneled citadels of finance from Wall Street to Manila. Since one of the things Clint Jr. enjoys most is a rousing good fight, he has mauled both the sensibilities and pocket-books of some pretty powerful and vocal

opponents. He has also killed stone-dead an old Texas adage that any millionaire who begins his career with more than \$50 in his jeans is hardly worth bothering about.

Nobody can deny that Clint Jr. started out with some impressive natural advantages. In the first place, he is the younger son and namesake of Clint Murchison Sr., a salty Texas entrepreneur of such awesome shrewdness and verve that he has become a legend in his own lifetime. Clint Sr., now 67, stacked up his first four or five million trading in oil leases, with another legendary trader, the late Sid Richardson, as partner. About the time Clint Jr. was born, Old Clint formed an oil-drilling partnership with Ernest R. Fain and eventually pieced together a sprawling financial empire that included everything from banks to book publishing. While Old Clint did not actually invent the technique of operating on credit, pledging the shares in one company to acquire a slice of another, he probably did as much as any one man to refine it into the ingenious art it has become today. Until a stroke forced him into semi-retirement half a dozen years ago, sniffing out profitable free-wheeling deals had become something more than a business with him. Except for fishing, which he dearly loved, it was his favorite sport. He also was a horseplayer of distinction. He acquired control of Del Mar racetrack and diverted the profits into a charitable organization he set up called Boys Incorporated of America, which is now headed by Clint Jr.

Besides supplying his sons with advice, savvy and, most important, a well-filled poke, Old Clint has enriched Texas folklore with any number of pungent comments on life in general and wealth in particular, one of which Clint Jr. has adopted as a sort of working motto: "Money is like manure. If you spread it around, it does a lot of good. But if you pile it up in one place, it stinks like hell."

Even Texas millionaires have to take the fathers they get, but they do have a free choice when it comes to picking business associates, so it is not altogether correct to say, as most people do, that another of Clint Jr.'s natural advantages has been his brother John, two

years older, who is his partner and trusted sidekick. Yet the brothers work together so smoothly, complement each other so perfectly, and their combined assets give them such an impressive wad of working capital, that each is fully aware he could not have been nearly so successful on his own.

Like Clint Jr., John Dabney Murchison has inherited Old Clint's craggy features, which, while agreeable enough, look as if they had been hastily punched out of soft Texas loam. But John is taller than Clint Jr.—which probably is the reason he looks more like a Texan—and where Clint Jr. can be curt, John always maintains an almost courtly charm. Clint Jr. usually bustles along in a hurry, but it is virtually impossible to get behind John when going through a door. Clint Jr. is inclined to be quick on the draw in a business deal, snaps, "I'll take it." John likes to check the wind and adjust his sights, says, "I'll think it over." People often wonder how two brothers can be so alike in some respects and so utterly different in others. Part of the answer, at least, is that Clint Sr. planned it that way. Did Clint was solely responsible for his sons' upbringing because their mother died when Clint Jr. was 4 and John was 6. He suffered another blow when his youngest son, Bart, died as a child. The successive losses of his wife and son hit Clint Sr. hard and help explain why, no matter how busy he was with his many deals, he found such an extraordinary amount of time to spend with his boys and why he was so determined that they should have rugged Texas boyhoods even though he was an extremely rich man.

Clint Jr. posed a special problem. He was a frail and sickly youngster, and for a couple of years after his mother's death he was watched over so carefully by doctors and was so pampered by a succession of nurses that years later Old Clint described him as "the worst spoiled brat that any parent ever had to deal with." Finally, though doctors warned that Clint Jr. shouldn't swim, play ball or exert himself in any way, Old Clint made a characteristically tough decision. He sent the nurses packing, ignored the doctors' protest and started raising Clint Jr. as a normal healthy boy. If Clint Jr. suf-

ferred any bad effects, even at first, everybody has long since forgotten about them. To provide his children with plenty of room to grow in, Old Clint bought the grounds and clubhouse of the defunct Dallas Polo Club, a tract of 200-odd acres a few miles north of downtown Dallas. It was a noisy, high-spirited and competitive household, where the boys learned to play poker and practical jokes with Old Clint and his cronies, and there was enough acreage for them to ride and hunt squirrels and anything else that moved. Usually in the spring and fall the boys and their friends went to Murchison-owned Matagorda Island off the Gulf Coast, where Old Clint taught them to fish and shoot quail. Besides being a renowned wing shot, Old Clint was an expert on migratory birds and had a special permit from the state game commission to make a collection of the species that visited the Texas coast. The boys often tramped along with him while he used a special gun to collect a phalarope, dipwither or oyster catcher. His collection of more than 200 species was later presented to Southern Methodist University.

"Dad has always been close to the land," Clint Jr. said recently, "and he brought us up the same way." Old Clint was such a firm believer in the benefits of outdoor life, in fact, that when Clint Jr. was 9 and John was 11 he took them out of school for a year, loaded a pickup truck with gear and sent them on a prolonged camping trip throughout the Southwest.

In subtle and practical ways he also taught the boys the value and use of money. He sold them calves and small blocks of stock and took their signed notes to pay the original price plus interest. When the calves were grown and the stock had increased in value, the boys sold them, paid off their notes and also collected a profit for themselves. It was a basic business lesson the Murchison boys have never forgotten; a smart man can buy something and make a profit on it without using his own money.

All of this probably explains why old classmates at University Park Grammar School in Dallas remember Clint Jr. as a slightly undersized but sturdy little

boy, frugally carrying his money in a Bull Durham sack but ready at the drop of a dare to prove that he could outspit, outrun and outlast anybody at all. It may explain why to this day Clint Jr. is never too busy to keep his 5-foot 9-inch, 160-pound frame in tiptop physical condition. He lifts weights when he has the time and always does 50 push-ups, 50 deep knee bends and 50 sit-ups every other day. "It's like this with Clint," an old friend said. "He don't look big—but tangle with him and you've caught yourself the tallest man in Texas."

When the boys were ready for prep school, Old Clint shipped John off to Hotchkiss and Clint Jr. off to Lawrenceville. "Dad wanted us to go to different schools on the theory that each should make his own place in the world," Clint Jr. explains. At Lawrenceville, as in most eastern prep schools, a boy can make a name in either sports or studies. Clint Jr. was a terror at both. He consistently stood at the top of his class, was a scrappy halfback on the football team and one of the littlest but canniest members of the wrestling team.

Clint Jr. already knew where he was headed after Lawrenceville. When he was 12 he had read an article in *FORTUNE* that told about the tough curriculum at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and resolved then and there that it was the school for him. When World War II came, John was at Yale, and Clint Jr. had indeed realized his ambition and was at MIT, playing halfback on its little-known football team and being the 126-pound star of its even less-known wrestling team. On the day after Pearl Harbor, John joined the Army Air Force and became a fighter pilot in the Mediterranean and China.

A year later Clint Jr. signed up for the Marines, also hoping to become a fighter pilot since he already had logged considerable flying time in an Aeronca. But the Navy took one look at his aptitude scores and shipped him off to Duke University to study electrical engineering in the V-12 program. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and top man in his class. At war's end, John went back to Yale to

get his degree, and Clint returned to MIT for his master's in math. After getting it he was tempted to stay on and work for a doctorate, but since one requirement for a math doctorate is to make an original contribution in the field and he didn't have an original contribution in mind, he returned to Dallas in 1950 to team up with John for some original activities in other areas instead.

While his boys were away, Clint Sr. had been acquiring and cutting out of his own immense holdings a whacking selection of investments to give to them as a grubstake. He also gave them advice, drilling them in his own shrewd techniques. But it is almost axiomatic that fledgling millionaires lose a lot of their tail feathers when they begin to fly alone, and the Brothers Murchison were no exception.

There was, for example, the sticky business of the Martha Washington Candy Co., which the Murchisons acquired with \$200,000 in cash and \$500,000 borrowed from banks. They finally dumped the company and took almost a total loss. John took a drubbing when he bought up a sizable chunk of timberland in the Northwest on the basis of what developed to be bad information. Clint Jr.'s enthusiasm for boats led him astray when he lost \$200,000 in a seagoing firm called the Caribbean Shipping Co. The brothers took their worst shellacking when they bought uranium mining properties in Colorado and Oregon, built processing mills and obtained permits from the Atomic Energy Commission, only to discover, as John puts it, "There wasn't enough goody to justify the bait." They lost some \$6 million, split down the middle with a group of partners.

More from preference than any special talents, the brothers decided at the outset that John would handle their banking, insurance, publishing and general finance interests, while Clint Jr. would ride herd on real estate, land development, home building and general construction. One of the first things Clint Jr. did was put down \$20,000 in cash and a promissory note for \$80,000 and buy the City Construction Co., a Dallas street-paving outfit. As a partner and

continued

operating head of this firm he took in Robert F. Thompson, a rangy New Mexico-born ex-Marine fighter pilot who has enough charm to coax partridges out of the mesquite. Almost anybody in Dallas can tell the story of how Clint Jr. and Bob Thompson won their first street-paving contract and then moved their equipment to the suburbs and paved the wrong street. The true story is much stranger. What actually happened is that with their first successful bid the greenhorn contractors landed a contract to pave two suburban streets. Not knowing about work orders and other technicalities, they had their bulldozers ripping up driveways and churning one of these streets into a quagmire when irate city inspectors arrived on the scene and pointed out that the bid specifically stated that the other street would be paved first. While angry householders gathered menacingly, Thompson had his workmen patch the ravaged street together as best they could and then moved to the proper street. After it was paved, city inspectors took a core drilling and decided the concrete did not meet specifications and the street would have to be torn up and repaved. When an inspector told Thompson this news, the ex-fighter pilot suddenly felt so sick he vomited. Clint Jr. took the news more calmly. "How do you go about ripping up a new street?" he asked.

What eventually happened to the little City Construction Co. gives an almost perfect picture of what happened to many of the other Murchison ventures as the brothers got their feet on the ground. Using the assets of City Construction as collateral, Clint Jr. gradually bought up other construction firms, dipping into cash reserves when necessary but, in imitation of Old Clint's technique, usually borrowing the money. From paving streets the company expanded until it could handle highway construction, then dam building and finally land development and heavy construction of all kinds. Along the way the expanding firm was renamed Tecon Corporation, and in 1934 it gained an international reputation when, with typical boldness, Clint Jr. bid on a contract to remove part of a hill that threatened to slide into the

Panama Canal. Most big contracting firms had refused even to consider the job except on a cost-plus basis. The operation was so tricky that some engineers doubted that it could be done, and one expert felt it was his duty to go to Old Clint and tell him that if the hill fell into the canal there wasn't enough money in the whole Murchison empire to dig it out again. Nevertheless Old Clint gave his blessings to the project. It was completed successfully. The one-time City Construction Co. has assets of \$10 million today.

By 1961 the Murchisons had doubled their original grubstake and, as nearly as anyone can tot up the value of interests in some 100 companies scattered throughout the U.S., they were worth \$150 million and owned or directed enterprises worth well over \$1 billion. They did not belong to that breed of financiers called company raiders and, in fact, they never have even mastered Old Clint's technique of luring people to them to ask for a deal they wanted all the time. They considered themselves progressive but sound businessmen, and there had not been a bit of scandal about their dealings. For this reason they were shocked, embarrassed and hopping with indignation when in 1960 they both were booted off the board of Investors Diversified Services, a financing corporation in which they had invested \$40 million. The action was taken after an investigator for Allegheny Corp., the vast and powerful holding company that controls IDS, charged that they were using their places on the board to win special treatment in floating loans to finance their own projects. Although a special IDS investigating committee later reported that there was no basis for the charge, the brothers were not pacified; their honor had been impugned and a \$40 million investment was threatened. As grimly as two *smokers* setting out on a blood feud, they mounted jets and rode up to New York and launched a proxy battle to seize control of Allegheny Corp. Their chief target was Allan P. Kirby, the 68-year-old head of Allegheny, an heir to the Woolworth fortune and one of the richest men in Wall Street. What followed was the biggest,

bitterest, costliest and most publicized proxy battle in history and, when the skunkish was over, the brothers had gained control of Allegheny by an overwhelming vote, though they recently sold a large piece of their Allegheny holdings at a Texas-size (estimated \$7 million) loss, making a far from clear who had won the war.

After their audacious foray into Wall Street, it was confidently predicted that the brothers would take it easy for a long time, consolidate their position and avoid controversy. They might have done so, except that even before the Allegheny fight started, Clint Jr. had laid the groundwork for another record-breaking brawl. To understand the circumstances, it should be known that over the years, from Old Clint and on their own, the brothers had acquired a prime selection of what might loosely be described as sports investments: *Field & Stream* magazine, a fishing tackle company; Daisy Manufacturing Co., makers of the famed air guns; Vail Mountain Ski Lodge; several country clubs and golf courses, including The Racquet Club in Palm Springs, and even a piece of the Daytona Speedway.

In addition, for as long as he can remember, Clint Jr. has been a genuine long-johns, freezing-hands-in-pockets, blue-face-in-north-wind football nut. He coached a YMCA little league football team for a few years, and as far back as 1952 he tried to buy the ailing Dallas Texans to keep them in his home town, but the late Bert Bell already had promised the franchise to Baltimore. Later on, Clint Jr. came within a whisper of closing a deal for the Washington Redskins, but George Preston Marshall demanded a 10-year management clause and soured it. An effort to get the San Francisco 49ers was equally unsuccessful.

Clint Jr. finally got his chance to acquire a pro team in 1959 when the NFL expanded and granted franchises to Dallas and Minnesota. At the time, however, few people realized the role he played in the birth of the Dallas Cowboys. He remained in the background and apparently even left some

acquaintances with the impression that he was a reluctant investor. Bedford Wynne, a Dallas lawyer and member of Dallas' gold-plated Wynne tribe, was spokesman for the club, and it generally was believed that he was the prime mover in landing the franchise. Actually, the Cowboys were Clint Jr.'s baby from the start; he lined up the investors, negotiated the contracts and put up 65% of the money. He wanted Texas E. Schramm, the general manager of the Rams, to run the club, and he got him. He wanted Tom Landry as head coach, and he hired him away from the Giants.

But nothing is done by halves in Texas, and when pro football came back to Dallas it came back with a double-barreled bang. At the same time Clint Jr. was getting his team, Lamar Hunt, 10 years younger and the personable and popular son of Oil Millionaire H. L. Hunt (who is even richer than the Murchisons), was helping organize the AFL and, along with it, another home-town team, the Dallas Texans. Since both Clint Jr. and Lamar wanted a team, many people wondered why they didn't simplify matters by getting together and organizing a single club for Dallas. The principal reason was that Lamar was involved with an entire league, not just a team; he couldn't get out, and Clint Jr. had no desire at all to be involved in founding the AFL.

From the start it was clear that Dallas was not big enough to support, or peacefully hold, two teams. Still, although they clashed constantly over recruiting, the early rivalry was not too acrimonious. On one occasion, for example, Clint Jr. appeared at a Texan luncheon wearing a bright red Texan blazer, and Lamar once jumped out of a large cake wheeled into a Murchison party.

But now the nerves and the check-books are beginning to fray. The Texans, operating with much promotional razzle-dazzle—players once kicked 70 footballs into the stands—have an AFL championship team to boast of. Murchison's Cowboys, going about their business almost sedately, have an adequate National Football League team, and the reputation of that league behind them. The result is a millionaires' standoff.

Currently, the most popular suggestion is that the teams play each other, and the loser (or winner) leave town. Some civic leaders have expressed dismay because they claim the battle is dividing the loyalties of a city that has always been united. The Lions Club and the Jaycees, for example, publicly are supporting the Texans, while the more powerful Salesmanship Club has sided with the Cowboys. A note of class consciousness has also crept into the struggle: it is claimed that the more socially prominent people support the Cowboys because the Murchisons and Wynnes are more "social" than the Hunts.

After three seasons each team is drawing about 22,000 a game. Since a team needs an average attendance of 30,000 per game to make money, it does not take Clint Jr.'s computerlike brain to figure out that Dallas essentially is a roasting good football town but one team must go if the other is to be a success.

As long as the neck-and-neck stalemate continues, it seems unlikely that money alone will determine the winner, for in Lamar Hunt, Clint Jr. has encountered one of only a handful of people in the U.S. who can continue to match him dollar for dollar forever. There is a story, possibly true, that a friend telephoned old H. L. Hunt and warned him that Lamar stood a good chance of losing a lot of money on the Texans.

"How much?" Hunt asked.

"About a million dollars a year," the friend said.

"Well, in that case," Hunt said, "it will take him 150 years to go broke."

Lamar Hunt does have one advantage: Clint Jr. essentially is a businessman and he is not in the habit of pouring money into any enterprise that doesn't show a profit. Clint Jr. tells anyone who asks that he has no intention of taking a loss on the Cowboys forever, but it is obvious from the way he talks that he doesn't think he will have to. A Dallas newspaperman asked him recently if he thought it was smarter to move an un-

profitable team to another city or hang on for prestige reasons. "It would be smarter to leave," Clint Jr. said. "If you stayed and threw away money, you would be a fool in everyone's eyes." Then he added, "That's why I think Lamar should start looking for another city."

Aside from his natural combativeness, another reason Clint Jr. is unlikely to give up on the Cowboys anytime soon is that he is having the time of his life. Along with a noisy, fun-loving, well-heeled contingent of friends he flies with the Cowboys to all of their games. He gets a special bang out of the antics of an exclusive band of fans within this already exclusive circle who call themselves the Chicken Club.

There are conflicting versions about how the Chicken Club, headed by his old friend and City Construction Co. partner Bob Thompson—himself now a millionaire—got its name. But it is undoubtedly the richest and most ardent fan club in the history of football. To prove his fealty to the team, Thompson once led a horse decked out in a Cowboy blanket into a fashionable Washington restaurant. For reasons best unmentioned, George Preston Marshall, the autocratic owner of the Washington Redskins, is the special target of the Chicken Club and in the 1961 season some Chicken rooters almost got away with a plan to bring utter chaos to the elaborate Christmas half-time show Marshall stages with such care. Before the Redskin-Cowboy game, Chicken Club saboteurs sneaked into the stadium and scattered 10 pounds of chicken feed on the gridiron. Other saboteurs brought 76 crated chickens into the stadium and hid them in a dugout. As the massed bands marched onto the field and Santa Claus appeared in a sled pulled by huskies, certain Dallas fans were ready to release the chickens. Fortunately for the show (and probably for Santa Claus, who had to control the slaving huskies), a police lieutenant spotted the crated chickens and confiscated them. When Marshall heard about the abortive plan he said it was "childish and immature," and fired off a protest to National League Commissioner Pete Ro-

continued

zelle. Thereafter, for some weeks, Marshall's phone rang at all hours of the night. When he answered there was only a soft cluck-clucking at the other end.

Until they get to know him, most people are not aware of Clint Jr.'s sometimes prankish, sometimes wry and sometimes juvenile sense of humor. When a magazine correspondent friend was slugged on the head while covering the *Freedom Rides* into the South last year, Clint Jr. sent him a Cowboy helmet. When Toots Shor, the New York publisher and Giant fan, agreed to let Clint Jr. use his box to watch Giant games when he was in New York in return for choice seats to the Cowboy-Giant game in Dallas, Clint Jr. sent him tickets to two whole sections in the Cotton Bowl. He made certain, however, that the bulky package was not delivered to Shor in New York until a few minutes before kickoff time in Dallas. Just recently, when Clint Jr. and John unloaded \$17.5 million in stock in one of their companies and a Dallas newspaper speculated that the Murchisons might have overextended themselves in the Allegheny deal, Clint Jr. drove down to the newspaper and bought \$108 of display advertising space. He wrote an ad saying that it wasn't true he was delinquent in his telephone and electric bills, and he signed it "Friends of Clint Murchison Jr.:" The paper persuaded him not to run the ad, but presumably it also got the point that a man really in financial trouble is not apt to make light of it.

Despite his heavy losses and avid interest in the Cowboys, Clint Jr. makes it a point not to interfere in the day-to-day operations of the club. "Clint doesn't second-guess us as much as most of the fans do," said a club official. "He's there when we need him—and believe me, that's nice to know—but he leaves all the decisions up to us." Clint Jr.'s personal sport is not football but skin diving and underwater photography, and whenever he has the chance he hops one of the 17 planes in the Murchison air fleet and flies off to Spanish Cay, the three-mile-long sand and coral island he owns in

the Bahamas. He personally designed and helped build the \$400,000 low-slung glass and masonry lodge on the island. Somehow it manages to be fabulous without being ostentatious and has literally everything to please a Texas millionaire as well as a serious fisherman. The main part of the lodge has a huge den with a spacious fireplace, a dining room, library, kitchen and immense storeroom. Around it are six guest cabanas, each with a lavish but tastefully furnished bedroom, dressing room and bath. The entire island is ringed by a white beach, and at its docks are Murchison's three fishing boats. *Jaupier*, 36 feet; *Rower*, 45 feet, and *Murwing After*, an 84-foot converted air-sea rescue craft. The island is the favorite vacation spot for Clint Jr., his wife Jane, a pretty and poised woman who was an SMU coed when they met and married 21 years ago, and the four Murchison children, ranging in age from 8 to 15. Typically, however, Clint Jr. also uses the island retreat for business; the lodge's guest book is a *Who's Who* of business, finance and political bigwigs, and some of his biggest deals have been cooked up in the comfortable study before a roaring fire.

The clear blue and green waters surrounding the Bahamas are among the finest in the world for skin diving, of course, and Clint Jr. has long been an underwater photographer of near-professional skill. He is perhaps the only skin diver ever to get a shot of tarpon exorting underwater and, though experts say it can't be done, he is trying to perfect a workable underwater cinematographic camera lens.

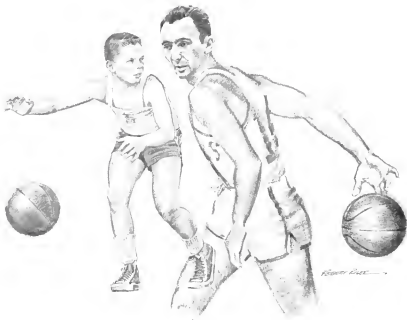
The truth is, Clint Jr. is daffy about gadgets, particularly gadgets that give him a chance to exercise his dormant electrical engineering skills. That is the main reason why, eight years after he started building an enormous ranch house on 25 choice acres on the edge of Dallas, the Murchisons continued to live as cramped as any ordinary family with growing children in a charming but unpretentious three-bedroom brick home in an upper-class Dal-

las neighborhood. Clint Jr. has supervised every detail in his new home, right down to the hand-finished teak shelves, and whenever he heard of a new gadget, anything from an orange juice machine to an advanced intercom hookup, he installed it, even when it meant ripping out equipment already installed. "I can't tell him to hurry up," Jane Murchison once explained, sounding as if she never really expected to live there, "because the house is really Clint's hobby."

Because he has lavished so much care and skill on it, the Murchisons' new home will be one of the most remarkable in America. When they hear about the 12,000 square feet of floor space, the electronic bar that automatically dispenses almost any liquor, the ice-cream maker, the movie projection room and profusion of television sets, the elaborate intercom system with a switchboard the size of a mad scientist's think machine, most people wonder if Clint Jr. hasn't begun acting like an honest-to-gosh Texas millionaire after all. But if Clint Jr. can't resist a newfangled electronic gadget, he also is willing to spend a fortune to avoid show. When guests enter his new house they find it palatial and spacious, but also beautifully appointed—and without a gadget in sight. Even the TV sets are hidden behind mellow, hand-finished paneling, and, when a button is pushed and panels glide back silently, only the spigots of the electronic bar obtrude. The massive switchboard also is hidden. Even an underwater viewing room built into his mammoth swimming pool manages to seem unpretentious.

Yet football, fishing, skin diving and home building aren't enough to quiet Clint Jr. At the moment he is developing an interest in sky diving, and sometime in the near future he intends to give it a whirl. One reason this intrigues him is that not long ago he and John bought a joint insurance policy so huge that it took a bit of doing to find a company that wanted to handle it. "I want to have my picture taken," says Clint Jr., "jumping out of a plane door with a beer in my hand, and send it to them."

END



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

St. Joseph's Coach Jack Ramsay, who has been known to fling his coat in the air when things aren't going so well for his Hawks, was in a mood to toss it clear out of Philadelphia's jammed Palestra last Saturday night. So-so Villanova, beaten by tough little St. Francis (N.Y.) 51-48 earlier in the week, matched St. Joe's basket for basket and got the last one—a lay-up by Eric Erickson with four seconds to go in overtime—to upset the Hawks 63-61.

St. Bonaventure's Larry Weise had his problems, too. He lost top rebounder Mike Aiken with a knee injury and then suspended his temperamental sophomore, Mike Rooney, for "unwillingness to cooperate." After that, unbeaten Niagara had no trouble at all whipping the Bonnies 80-63.

In the Ivy League, Yale raised an eyebrow or two by beating Princeton 62-61. The Elis' luck ran out against Penn, however. Yale made a first-class run at the Quakers but lost 60-50. Meanwhile, Princeton's Bill Bradley stretched his run of consecutive free throws made to 25 and the Tigers beat Brown 61-67.

For almost everybody else it was a lousy week. Cornell sifted through Providence's scrambling team easily enough in the first half, but had to do some scrambling of its own to hold off the rallying Friars 80-75. Seton Hall's Nick Werkman, the nation's top scorer, was "held" to 48 points—trimming his average to 31.3—as the Pirates beat Rider 79-47 and Fairleigh Dickinson 81-63. Barry Krumer led NYU past Acadia 57-41 and Boston U., 67-58; LaSalle beat Manhattan 78-61. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (56-2)
2. NYU (56-2)
3. PENN (56-1)

THE SOUTH

The Southeastern Conference was a carnival of surprises. While Mississippi State was still enjoying its big victory over Auburn, Alabama bushwhacked them 77-72 in overtime. James (Wilkes) Booth, a spindly 6-foot-3 jump shooter, ruined State with six points in the extra period and 20 in the entire game. Then Alabama beat down Georgia 67-61 to take the SEC lead. Meanwhile, Auburn recovered from its single lapse to trounce Mississippi 79-44 and Florida 81-56.

Unbeaten Georgia Tech was beginning to try Coach Whack Hyder's patience. Tech barely made it by Georgia 72-70 and then had to go into overtime to edge Mississippi 73-71. But Kentucky's Adolph Rupp was again at peace with the world—and Cotton

Nash. With Nash rolling up 78 points, the Wildcats ran over Vanderbilt 105-82, LSU 63-56 and Tulane 81-72.

Duke won easily enough over Nasy 85-70 and Clemson 78-67, but the Atlantic Coast leaders were concerned about Wake Forest, especially after the Deacons beat North Carolina 78-70 and Virginia Tech 76-63. Against Carolina, Coach Bones McKinney shrewdly set up his offense around 6-foot-10 Bob Woolard, hoping to get the Tar Heels' Billy Cunningham into foul trouble. It worked just fine. Cunningham scored 25 points, but he drew his fourth foul early in the second half and, when Carolina went to a zone to protect him, the Deacons were in.

West Virginia, with Rod Thorn back in form, was taking care of its Southern Conference challengers one at a time. Thorn scored 28 points as Davidson fell 89-73, and 30 more to help the Mountaineers past pesky George Washington 100-97. Assistance also came from an unlikely source: William & Mary lured Virginia Tech into its little Blow Gym and ousted the Gobblers 78-63. The top three:

1. DUKE (55-2)
2. GEORGIA TECH (54-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (52-1)

THE MIDWEST

The Missouri Valley Conference was living up to its reputation (see page 51). For a while North Texas State bothered Cincinnati, but Ron Bonham broke out with 29 points and the Bearcats won 75-58. Tulsa was even more difficult. The feed-up Hurricanes had Cincy in a 32-32 tie at half time. Then Bonham began to hit. He made seven straight field goals, wound up with 30 points and the Bearcats took their 31st in a row 67-57. Versatile Wichita rattled St. Louis with a ball-stealing full-court press, then hit the Bills with a fine fast break to win 71-65. Against Bradley, the Shockers worked their running game out of a tight man-to-man. Sophomore Dave Stallworth scored 35 points, and the Braves succumbed 79-69.

More and more, Illinois looked like the best in the Big Ten. Although it bumbled frequently, and gave up 33 points to Ohio State's gangling Gary Bradds, the Illini shot excellently. Sophomore Taj Brody led a second-half rush that beat the Bucks 90-78. Purdue collapsed earlier and lost 106-62. But Indiana, an 85-71 winner over Purdue, and Ohio State, which bounced back to beat Michigan 68-66, were still hopeful.

Colorado seemed determined to turn the Big Eight race into a one-team romp. The Bulls got 29 points from Matt Mueller and

continued

what kind of NUTS go on vacation to ARUBA OR SURINAM? Two kinds.

Sun-worshippers go to Aruba, the smart little Dutch isle 15 miles off South America (but as little as \$82.75 from New York). What's in Aruba? The widest, whitest beach anywhere in the Caribbean, golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing, water-skiing, gabled Dutch houses, exotic restaurants, freeport shopping.

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Adventurers go to Surinam, the exciting land in the upper right hand corner of South America (they used to call it Dutch Guiana). Surinam has virgin jungle, dug-out canoes, tapir, alligators and muscovy ducks to shoot, giant tarpon to fish for, primitive riverbank villages to visit (watch exotic fire dances), plus a lovely cosmopolitan city (Paramaribo) to enjoy.

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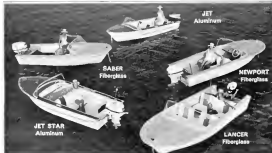
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

defeated Missouri 92-69. Loyola, running like all get-out, overwhelmed Marquette 87-68 and Western Michigan 107-69, while rough-tough Notre Dame beat DePaul 82-62 and Detroit 105-70. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (30-2)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (30-2)
3. ILLINOIS (31-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

For a while at least, Texas led the Southwest Conference lead all to itself. The lanky Longhorns brushed aside Baylor 76-38 and Texas Tech 78-58, but co-leader Texas A&M stumbled against SMU. As long as Bernie Lennon and Paul Timmons dropped in shots from the outside, Texas A&M stayed ahead of SMU. But Timmons fouled out and the Aggies, quite unawesely, switched to an inside game. The watchful Mustangs closed their defensive ranks, Dave Somerville and Gene Elmore began to hit and SMU came from behind to win 71-68.

Arizona State's running game faltered ever so slightly, but big Art Becker and Joe Caldwell, with 54 points between them, got the Sun Devils safely past Brigham Young 89-84. Then, when Utah threatened State, a timely zone defense and Gary Senter's long shots put the Utes in their place, 80-65. Loyola of New Orleans tried a slow, deliberate offense against Houston—"It sort of rocked you to sleep," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis later. The wide-awake Cougars forced Loyola out of it with a zone press, and Houston won 66-59. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (34-1)
2. TEXAS A&M (30-0)
3. TEXAS (31-0)

THE WEST

California's Big Six hopes sagged sharply. First Stanford, then UCLA treated the Bears roughly. Stanford needed two overtime periods to catch Cal, winning 70-68 on little Lou Shupe's basket. UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden, looking for more balance against the Bears, put playmaker Walt Hazzard up front and sophomores Fred Goss and Gail Goodrich in the backcourt. It worked, and Fred Slaughter matched Camden Wall's 17 points as the Bruins won 63-58. USC squeezed past Washington 64-61, then lost to the Huskies 62-61.

Stanford hardly looked menacing while losing to Oregon State 65-58 as All-America Quarterback Terry Baker, playing forward for a change, scored 25 points. But shags were different the next night. Baker was just another ballplayer, and Stanford ran away from the Beavers 96-69. Colorado State and Utah State won again. The Rams outscored Wyoming 75-69; Utah State trounced Montana State 84-58. The top three:

1. STANFORD (30-1)
2. OREGON STATE (31-0)
3. UCLA (30-4)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

Your Sportsman of the Year article (Jan. 7) was a very appealingly human account of the more pertinent points of interest about Terry Baker. I enjoyed this more than any of the numerous stories about Terry I have read this year.

Author Wright did not endeavor to equate him with a Greek god, as has been the tendency here in the Pacific Northwest. Rather, the author recognized that overdone superlatives were not necessary, as this scholar-athlete's achievements speak for themselves.

A reader is likely to be even more inclined to wish for a chance to talk to Terry than to watch him perform.

HOLT WILLIAMS

Salem, Ore.

Sirs:

Thank you for such a wonderful article. I agree that the future of Terry Baker "is full of exciting promise."

EARLE E. JACOBS III

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

Your choice of Baker is absurd. No matter how brilliant the feats of a college athlete, he can never be compared to the professional or amateur sportsman who is meeting the best in the world in his field. Baker was playing against mediocre football players, most of whom will never be heard of again. To rate Baker, for all his promise, above such accomplished athletes as Arnold Palmer, Valeri Brunel, Murray Rose, Peter Snell, Emile Griffin, Jim Taylor and Maury Wills—to name just a few—is without doubt the laugh of the year.

RON SORIVELL

San Francisco

Sirs:

Terry Baker is indeed a fine athlete and a credit to the sports world, but 1962 belonged to Sonny Liston.

PETER A. MOUND

New York City

Sirs:

There is no question in anyone's mind of the fact that Terry Baker of Oregon State is deserving of the fine tribute paid to him in your Sportsman of the Year award. However, I cannot agree with your statement that he is "the first college football player in all the years of the game to be so unanimously decorated." Is it possible that in four short years you could have forgotten the Heisman Trophy winner, All-America

halfback and scholar from the United States Military Academy, Peter Dawkins?

LARRY PATTERSON

Cincinnati

Sirs:

"The first college player to be so decorated?" What about Baker's physical and spiritual twin, Pete Dawkins, Army '59?

PETER BRENT

New York City

● Like Terry Baker, Army's outstanding scholar-athlete Pete Dawkins won both the Heisman and Maxwell awards and was named to most of the major All-America teams. However, Dawkins' year of glory was 1958, when LSU's Billy Cannon stole some of the show as leading candidate for player of the year honors.—ED.

Sirs:

What must Stan Musial do to merit mention in your magazine? In recent years he has broken scores of league records, and I am unaware of any feature article you've devoted to him.

BILL BLACKBURN

St. Louis

● Sean the Man was Sportsman of the Year 1957.—ED.

HEAVY STOVE LEAGUE

Sirs:

Duffy Connelly's article on Joe Morovits had a familiar ring (*Real-Life Beauvau*, Jan. 7). There is a fairly well-accepted legend on the Olympic Peninsula of the Iron Man of the Hoh. When asked by those he met on the trail up the Hoh River if the stove he was carrying wasn't heavy, the Iron Man replied, "It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for that 50-pound sack of flour shifting around inside." Is there some connection?

ROBERT L. KABEL

Hawthorne, Calif.

● The Iron Man of the Hoh, another mighty mountain man, was a Dutch homesteader named John Huelsdonk who made his way into the Olympic Peninsula wilderness shortly before the turn of the century and hacked a farm out of the rain forest. Huelsdonk was better known than Morovits. He was not a loner and his place was far more accessible to outsiders than Mighty Joe's. In fact, Huelsdonk's children and young grandchildren still live in the same area along the upper Hoh River.—ED.

RESPONSE

Sirs:

Tom Rosendick (*Wanted! 32 Gals for the Boombox*, Dec. 10) has made a great impression on everyone who has met him. This far his recruiting efforts have been excellent, with responses from 60 topflight athletes, including two members of the Wisconsin Rose Bowl team.

A large part of this success, we feel, was possible because of your excellent article. Your story captured the challenge of the program we are undertaking in Indonesia, and acted as an "advance notice" of Tom's arrival at various campuses. Responses from the article itself are just beginning to come in, and will help not only the Indonesian program but also physical education programs for other countries.

Many thanks again for your help.

ROBERT SARGENT SORVIER, JR.

Director, Peace Corps

Washington

SONNY FUTURE

Sirs:

It would seem that Jack Nilon has some excellent ideas for Sonny Liston in particular and boxing in general (*A Box Time for Sonny Liston*, Jan. 7). Having Liston fight two or three times a year will do much to help revive a sport that has been suffering from the infrequency of big title fights. Putting the championship bouts on home TV is equally great.

I would like to voice agreement with Nilon's contention that Sonny is best of all the heavyweights and will be around for at least the next five or six years.

CHARLES L. MUSHEMAN

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Shakespeare might well be speaking for Sonny Liston in a truly eloquent manner, as Sonny looks down to the canvas at an unconscious Spartan, Cassius Clay:

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, I lay, as thou smilest, If not, why then this parting was well made.

JAMES E. THOMPSON JR.

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Sirs:

I agree that Patterson should have a chance to get his title back but what about the No. 1 man behind Liston? I think he should either have a chance at the title or Patterson should eliminate him before he gets a match with Liston. Why let two guys fight three times to get all the glory? If Patterson wins, it

continued



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19TH HOLE

means another go for Luton later on, so the men now first on the list will get old and gray before he gets a chance at the title.

A. C. LAKE

Oklahoma City

CATS AND KITTENS

Sirs:

You have finally chosen the right team for the No. 1 spot in college basketball, the University of Cincinnati Bearcats. They are a fabulous team and all Cincinnatians are justly proud of them and the finest basketball coach in the land, but none, Ed Jucker.

After seeing the freshman team, the Bear-kittens, in action, I think we have all the talent needed to keep that NCAA championship trophy right here where it is for the next three seasons.

RONALD PERCE

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Penn has now defeated five teams that are ranked by the wire services. St. Joseph's, Vanderbilt, Boston College, Duquesne and Princeton, losing only to Illinois. Don't we deserve mention?

ED FARRISUS

Philadelphia

Sirs:

IN BASKETBALL'S WEEK (Jan. 14) you give Georgia Tech the usual billing. After the Tech team held Cotton Nash to just nine points, four of which were foul shots, your writer practically ignored the Tech victory over sixth-ranked Kentucky Tech is now undefeated in 11 games and is one of the three undefeated teams in the nation.

BRENT BLACK

Atlanta

CHESS VS. FOOTBALL

Sirs:

It is hard to relate how irritated I was by the letter in your 19th Hole (Jan. 7) written by one R. McCutcheon. While it is a fairly reasonable assertion that boxing and football do not contain everything "unclean, unfair and dishonest," it is also true that far more intelligent means of exercise have been devised.

His rather sarcastic remark about chess was also totally inexcusable. Just because he doesn't have the perspicacity to play, it is hardly a reason to make such an emboldened comment, even as sarcasm.

Finally, I would like to say that basketball, baseball and especially track and field do as much for the person and, indeed, more than getting a broken leg in football ever did. While I may need to "consult the nearest psychiatrist," I rather believe Mr. McCutcheon is beyond help by anyone.

GLENN BOSSMEYER

Louisville

YESTERDAY

Tennis in a Blizzard

When Jack Kramer made his pro debut, New York's worst storm threatened to keep everyone away

by DAVE ANDERSON

From a window of the New York City Weather Bureau, Chief Meteorologist Benjamin Parry looked out at the storm that was burying Battery Park bench-deep in snow. "I never saw so much snow," Parry said. "It's coming straight down. All snow and no wind." It was early afternoon on Dec. 26, 1947. Fifteen inches of snow had fallen since 5:25 a.m. Across town, in his room at the Lexington Hotel, professional Tennis Promoter Jack Harris also looked out the window.

"The biggest tennis match in history," Harris said, "and nobody'll be able to get there to see it."

Six cross-town blocks away, the Madison Square Garden marquee read: PRO TENNIS TONIGHT, BIGGA VS. KRAMER. But the snow was strangling transportation. Streets were clogged with abandoned cars and buses. Suburban railroads were snowbound. Subways were running, but everybody, it seemed, was going home to get out of the storm that was expected to continue until midnight.

In their rooms at the Lexington, Bobby Riggs and Jack Kramer tried to relax. Riggs played solitaire; Kramer read the daily newspapers.

Tiny, fast-talking Riggs was the pro champion. He had dethroned Don Budge the year before. Now his reign was challenged by the long-legged Kramer, making his pro debut after sweeping Wimbledon and Forest Hills. "I figure to break Jack's serve at least once each set and capitalize on the breaks," Riggs had said. Kramer was equally confident. "I'll be surprised if I lose," he had said. "I've got the harder game and better serve."

(continued)



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south
to ski

Ride our trestle car lift . . . display your skiing prowess on two miles of slopes and trails . . . enjoy the skating on our regulation hockey-size rink. Man-made snow and ice have created an all-winter sports center high in the Virginia Alleghenies. Here you can rent a pair of Head Skis, take lessons at our Sepp Kober Ski School, find everything from pro shop to restaurant and sun deck in our winter sports lodge. Dancing, swimming and all the facilities of The Homestead are at hand. *** Served by C&O Railway and new public airport with paved one-mile runway.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia

Ron **CARIOCA**
presents:
the
Caribbean
way to
make
a
Daiquiri



the Rum (1½ ounces). Never any other than authentic, lively Carioca, kissed by the tropical sun . . .

the Lime (Juice of one). Cool, green, and tart—tender with the perfume of the tropics . . .

the Sugar (1 teaspoon powdered). Smooth and sweet as a gentle tropical breeze . . .

the Rimmed Glass (3 oz. cocktail). Rubbed with lime then dipped in granulated sugar for the Carioca touch. Shake with ice. Strain into the glass. And relax in tropical splendor.

Those who will have nothing less than the genuine always ask for . . .

Ron **CARIOCA**
"Makes a drink SING!"
PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD LABEL,
40 PROOF, SCHENLEY IMPORT CO.



Another adventure in one of the 81 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Even my heart turned over when I tried upside-down skiing

1. "Even for an expert it doesn't pay to show off on skis," writes Eric Hoffer, long time friend of Canadian Club, "but when I saw an Austrian ski instructor do a somersault in midair, my pride got the better of my judgment. I insisted on trying the same stunt. Even though my friends chose a 'safe' spot near the Knappehorn trail, I would need perfect balance and timing to avoid a bad tumble."



2. "Over the brink of the cliff I floundered. As I cleared the edge, I started to somersault, just as I'd seen the expert do. I thought I'd made a perfect take-off. But as I spun around in midair, my heart stood still. My balance was off! I wasn't going to make it."



3. "I tried desperately to regain control. With every muscle straining I attempted to bring my skis back to normal position but I landed badly off balance. Fortunately the snow was soft, so in spite of my awkward spill, nothing was hurt but my ego."

4. "Safely down the slope, I placed my friends at Oberlech for a drink of our mutually favorite whisky, Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

Canadian Club

6 years old, imported in bottle from Canada

BY HUGH WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT MICH. 50 & 60 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY



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Find secret places . . . in the adventurous new Buick Skylark. Powerful aluminum V-8 engine, choice of 3 silk-smooth transmissions. Dashing bucket seat interior. Despite its modest price, a "limited edition" car, every inch a quality Buick.

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